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*Autumn
Hats*

Page 11



FASHION'S CLIMAX

Gay Gossip Ensemble

by

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PAUL DUVAL SALON, P3-5 HER MAJESTY'S ARCADE, SYDNEY, AND AT ALL CHEMISTS - EXCLUSIVE STORES

I wish we were married

By LEONIE ELISABETH DUTTON

THE snow began to fall more heavily, and Alison Cambridge pressed her face against the window of the cross-continent train. It was one thing for Manhattan to seem fabulously unreal from ten thousand miles away, but for it to retreat now behind this wind-driven curtain was an unfair trick.

She glimpsed brick walls and lines of flapping laundry strung magically in mid-air, then the train went into a tunnel.

People began to stand up and collect their possessions. The end of Alison's journey from Australia was almost here.

At the thought she suddenly felt like the train—as if she, too, were entering a tunnel. That she knew was utterly ridiculous.

Marrying a man you've been in love with for two years is not entering a tunnel. Not even if you had seen him for only a couple of Navy leaves and he was a New York man and you were a girl from the Australian bush. Not even if his letters lately had been getting emptier and emptier.

Abruptly she stood up and reached for her suitcase on the rack. For heaven's sake, men's letters always were inadequate sooner or later. The moment she and Jon met again everything would be perfect.

The train had slowed to a crawl, then stopped. It was hours late because of the storm, and the passengers, anxious to start making up the lost time, had already begun moving up the aisle towards the exit.

Alison started walking in the same direction as everybody else, thinking each minute she would see Jon coming towards her against the current of the crowd. But there was no sign of him, and there was apparently no end to the platform—it stretched on and on.

Then as she started up the ramp she saw him—arguing with the attendant at the gate.

She had known, naturally, that he would be in civilian clothes, but, all the same, it was almost a shock to see him not in uniform. He looked very well dressed and smart—so casually, effortlessly smart that it somehow disconcerted her.

He strode down the ramp.

"Welcome to our village, darling," he said, giving her a quick kiss. "All this stuff about not allowing visitors on the platform. Here, give me your suitcase."

Wrapped in sudden shyness, Alison couldn't produce any greeting at all. But Jon didn't seem to expect any; he started right back up the ramp, talking about what the storm was doing to train schedules.

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Page 3

**THERE'S
FLATTERY
IN YOUR
MIRROR**



Dominex
RECO.
Coats

But truthful flattery—
the sophisticated poise of
easy elegance in your
Dominex coat, superbly tail-
ored in new warm-toned winter
shades developed for DOMINEX

SHI - 28

I WISH WE WERE MARRIED

Continued from page 3

AS Alison walked beside him, she kept looking up at his face. She remembered him as good-looking in only a plain sort of way, whereas he now had a kind of distinction that made him remote.

And suddenly, there in the midst of the swarms of people, Alison was back in Four Mile paddock that day he had proposed to her. They had been riding and had dismounted for a rest under a huge gumtree.

It was so clear in her mind—the stillness of the bush, the glaring sunshine, the crackle of heat in the grass and the crunch of the horses grazing nearby—and she could see Jon bending towards her, his face tightened with feeling, begging her to see how wonderful life in New York would be with him loving her very much.

"I'm crazy about the place," he said. "The taxi ramp's this way."

Alison shivered as they went through the swinging door.

"Cold?"

"A little."

A taxi drew up and she sank thankfully into the corner-seat. If only she could think of something gay and casual to say!

It would have helped if he had chatted a little. As it was, they just sat there till he said, "I've arranged with Aunt Jess to take you in for at least a couple of weeks!"

"A couple of weeks!" Alison felt as if she had gone over a precipice. "But, Jon, I thought—won't we get married in a few days?"

"There's nowhere to live. The place I'm in with Stewart Gardner is his, you know. I can't kick him out. And Candy hasn't been able to find anything in the way of an apartment for us."

"C-Candy?"

"She's a girl I met a while ago. Model. Very pretty and smart. Knows this town like nobody's business." Jon wasn't articulate now. "Directly your cable came saying a canceled passage had been offered you, she started looking around for an apartment for us. She has all sorts of lines out—she knows everybody."

Candy seemed to be quite a person. And a model. Beautiful. Smart. Alison looked down at her coat. It was tweed, and it didn't look in the least like a coat worn by any of the girls out there on the avenue. Heaven knows what it would look like beside a model's outfit.

"Candy'll probably run an apartment to earth soon."

She probably would, Alison thought vaguely.

Then, while the taxi was stopped by a traffic light, she saw herself in the little mirror. Her beret. Oh dear, it seemed quite the wrong thing here.

She shrank further into the corner.

Jon and the taxi-driver were brooding together over the blizzard. Then he said, "Here we are," and the taxi drew up before a massive building, with a snow-blanketed green canopy stretched to the pavement edge.

They went up to the eighteenth floor, and when they got out of the elevator, Jon rang the bell of the apartment opposite, and a maid let them in.

"Mrs. Langdon's waiting," she said, as though it boded no good.

Jon had rarely mentioned his aunt, but Alison had formed a mental picture from the cosy sound of "Aunt Jess." It didn't at all match the tall woman who came towards them.

"Jonathan Woodward," she said accusingly, "it's four o'clock. You said the train was due at eleven."

"But I telephoned that it was delayed." He put the suitcase down and drew Alison forward. "Aunt Jess, this is—"

A hand with very long, scarlet fingernails went out to Alison. "How do you do? What are we coming to? Seven hours late?"

"Five, Aunt Jess." Jon didn't seem to take her very seriously. "And the railways can't help it if it comes late."

"Ten inches, the radio says," Aunt Jess continued.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Langdon," Alison said.

"It's not your fault, Marilyn," Mrs. Langdon said, handsomely.

Alison found herself wondering why on earth Jon had even bothered to go to the train that afternoon.

"Well, here she is," Jon said, drawing her forward.

"Oh, how do you do, Alison," Candy said warmly. "It's grand of you to come round to-night. Everybody, come and meet Jon's girl, Jon's Australian girl," she added, as if that were a mark of great distinction.

And, indeed, Alison felt vastly in need of some distinction as they went into Candy's combination dining and living room and she met the two other girls who were there and the three men. The girls were not as decorative as Candy, but they were bad enough.

"A fine thing—to welcome you with a blizzard," one of them laughed.

"Yes, and her coat with no interlining," put in Jon.

Under cover of the exclamations which followed the remark, Alison took off the coat and the sweater Jon had insisted she put on underneath. Candy took them and put them somewhere.

But instead of Alison's spirits rising with them out of the way she felt ten times worse, for the too fussy dress which had looked droopy when she took it out of her suitcase acquired a grimmer droopiness before the three sleek dresses there.

She caught Jon giving her a considering look, and a minute later he came over and put his hand gently on her shoulder. She had a second's wild longing to grab it for comfort and reassurance, then realised he was probably ashamed of her.

Candy was serving a buffet dinner, and Alison found herself with a plate on her knee sitting next to a young man who knew someone who knew someone else who had been to Australia, and did she know the Robinsons out there? She said politely that Australia was as big as the United States, and she hadn't happened to meet the Robinsons.

All the evening Alison couldn't take her eyes off Candy, and the net result of her absorption was an overwhelming depression.

Sitting there beside a man who was stuck with her, Alison saw very clearly why Jon's letters had been empty lately. No man could spend a lot of time with Candy and have anything left to say to a girl ten thousand miles away.

Jon had come in from the kitchen with a tray of filled glasses, and he stopped in front of her. "You're tired, aren't you?"

She denied it, but only half-heartedly. After all it was nice of him to put it that way.

"We'll go home," he said.

"But it's so early!" Candy exclaimed.

Jon put the tray down. "She's been travelling." He was pulling off a frilled apron. "Anyway, she's not used to late hours."

Alison flushed. He didn't have to say that!

She stood up and turned to Candy. "You were very kind to have me here to-night, and I want to thank you again for all you've done about the apartment."

"You're very welcome, Alison. Let's get together for lunch soon, shall we? We've had hardly any talk at all. And if I get a nibble on that line I told you about I'll call you up and we can go round and look at the place."

"Thank you." In her hurry to get out of the place quickly, Alison caught her heel on rug in the doorway.

Jon steadied her and said, "You're all right, aren't you?" as if he thought perhaps two cocktails were two too many for her.

She nodded, and walked quickly to the elevator. Candy went with them, still waving the cocktail shaker, laughing with Jon, and looking fascinating.

The snow had stopped and the ploughs were at work in the dishevelled avenue. They couldn't get a taxi at once, and it was bitterly cold.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — February 26, 1945

Friday's Child

LONDON society is staggered when the impetuous young VISCOUNT ANTHONY SHERINGHAM elopes with pretty tomboy HERO WANTAGE. It is a marriage of convenience contracted by the Viscount, partly because lovely ISABELLA MILBORNE refused his offer of marriage, but actually because until he does marry he cannot have control of his estate.

JANE BAGSHOT, who reared Hero as a poor relation, and the Dowager Lady Sheringham are violently hostile over the marriage, but Hero becomes very popular with the Viscount's special circle, GILBERT KINGWOOD, his closest friend; FREDY FARENHAM, his cousin, and LORD GEORGE WROTHAM, whose suit with Isabella she tries to further.

Due to inexperience, however, she commits numerous social errors, and eventually she and the Viscount quarrel violently after she has blurted out an indiscreet remark at the opera.

Now read on:

NEXT morning the Viscount and his wife met at the breakfast table, both very conscious of the previous night's quarrel. The Viscount bade Hero a punctilious good-morning, and buried himself in the newspaper.

Hero poured out the coffee, and slowly consumed a roll. After a slight pause, she cleared her throat of an unaccountable lump, and said: "Sherry?"

The Viscount lowered the paper. "Well?"

"Will you have a little ham?" said Hero, dismayed by his forbidding aspect.

"No, I thank you, I will not."

"Or—or some more coffee?"

"No," said the Viscount, retiring once more into the paper.

Hero fortified herself with a few sips of her own coffee. She tried again. "Sherry?"

"Well, what is it now?"

"N-nothing," said Hero, on a distinct sob.

"For heaven's sake," said his lordship, "don't start to cry!"

"Perhaps I had best g-go out of the room then, because I c-can't help crying when you're so dreadfully unkind to me!" offered Hero.

"I'm not unkind to you."

"Oh, Sherry, it is so very like you to say that, when you know very well you have used me quite shockingly!" A smile quivered on her lips. "You always did so! But you never called me ma'am in that horrid way before, and I would rather you boxed both my ears than did that!"

"Serve you right if I did!" said his lordship, stretching out a hand across the table. "No, really. Kitten, I'm devilish sorry I hurt you! But of all the things to have said—! However, you won't do it again!"

"No, truly I won't!" Hero assured him, tucking her hand in his.

A reluctant grin stole across the Viscount's face. "I'd have given a monkey to have seen Gil's phiz when you asked him if he had an opera-dancer!" he said.

"Do you think he may not have liked it?" Hero asked anxiously. "He is such a particular friend that I thought I might say what I pleased to him. And I did want to know, because you said that everyone had them, and—"

"Oh, the things I say!" groaned Sherry, tweaking one of her ringlets. "Extravagant little puss! Wear it again to-day! I'll drive you round the Park, if you care to go with me."

"Yes, indeed I do!" Hero said, every cloud vanishing from her horizon.

"I won't say another word," promised



ised Hero, brightening perceptibly. "Can you not have them if you are married?"

The Viscount laughed and tossed a bill across the table. "Not if you have a wife who spends as much money on a couple of trumpery hats as that!" he replied.

"Oh, dear!" Hero said, conscience-stricken. "Ought I not to have done so? Only, one is the hat I wore when we drove out to Richmond, and you particularly commended it."

"No, no, there's no harm done!" Sherry said, tweaking one of her ringlets. "Extravagant little puss! Wear it again to-day! I'll drive you round the Park, if you care to go with me."

"Yes, indeed I do!" Hero said, every cloud vanishing from her horizon.

It was not, of course, to be expected that this was the only tilt which disturbed the peace of the house in Half Moon Street.

The Viscount had been aware when he married Hero that she knew nothing of the ways of the Polite World, but he had not anticipated that he would be required to play a large role in her debut.

He had, in fact, plunged into matrimony with the light-hearted intention merely of squiring his wife to a few parties and assemblies, driving her out occasionally in the Park, and being pleasant to her over the breakfast cups. He meant to make no objection to her forming her own court, and even if discreetly

"Oh, Sherry, I am glad to see you," Hero cried, pushing through the throng to her husband.

conducted) to her amorous intrigues. He supposed that she would hold her card-parties, air all her most expensive toiletts in the Park, and generally conduct herself like any other female of birth and fortune.

It had never occurred to him that he would return from a shooting-match at Epping to be met by the intelligence that her ladyship had gone with a party of friends to Margate on the steam-boat.

Still less did he expect to stroll into the Royal Saloon, in Piccadilly, in search of such amusement as this building offered, only to be brought up short by the spectacle of his wife partaking of supper in

one of the booths, in company with a very fast young widow and two of the wildest blades of his acquaintance. The fact that it was just such a party as he himself was in the habit of frequenting in no way mitigated his shocked wrath.

The widow, with whom he was well acquainted, hailed him with arch good humor, and received for her pains a frosty glance and the stiffest of bows; the two young blades recognising the unmistakable signs of an enraged spouse, suddenly became painstakingly discreet in their dealings with my Lady Sheringham; and only the erring wife herself remained unaffected by his lordship's joining the party.

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in the fashion

foreground



Beau Monde

Full Fashioned HOSIERY

FROM the navigating bridge of the *s.s. Craighill*, her chief mate, Mark Rawson, glanced sceptically at a seaman who was trying to paint the after rail of the lower bridge.

Sloppy Burwell, lanky, loose-jointed, with thinning curly hair, and a dazed look in pale blue eyes, had come aboard with A.B.'s rating. After noticing him at work a few times, however, the mate had taken him into his own four-to-eight watch, where it would be easier to keep an eye on him.

Rawson's voice broke out in sudden exasperation:

"Sloppy! What are you doing there? You've painted all the inside of the rail and you haven't touched the outside yet."

The seaman straightened up gradually, his dirty, oversized dungarees hanging in folds about his long legs. The civilian felt hat he wore had once been of good quality, but now all shape had left it, and it was tied on by a rope yarn under the chin.

Sloppy pushed it back and scratched his head.

"Never thought nothing about that, sir."

The mate waited silently. He was broad-shouldered and sandy-haired, and young for his job. A recommendation from the captain after this voyage might give Rawson himself his first command. A subordinate like Sloppy could upset all that, though.

Now Sloppy had an idea.

"It's okay, sir. I can crawl through and paint the outside. If I rub any



Gasping with exhaustion in the icy water, Rawson saw that Sloppy had a fingerhold on the ship.

HARDLUCK SAILOR

off the inside I can get it again when I come back."

What he'd do about the white paint which would be smeared all over his dilapidated dungarees he did not say.

For relief Rawson turned his gaze forward in the early twilight. The dark, sultry sea left by a vicious North Atlantic blow were steadily subsiding, although no break had yet appeared in the steel-grey plate of cloud.

The *Craighill* by and large had behaved well through the gale. With minor damage and the loss of her starboard lifeboats she still rode on an even keel, hatches unbroken and cargo unshifted.

Only a little way from her present position the *Eastern Bunker*, a vessel nearly twice her size, had, according to the radio, been beaten down and sunk. There had been an alert for her boats for a while, but now all were reported picked up.

A warning instinct rather than any clear sound made Rawson glance aft again. Sloppy, scrambling back through the railing, had planted one foot squarely in his pot of white paint.

Lying on its side, it spread a ghostly, widening pool across the deck just outside the entrance to the captain's quarters.

The seaman merely gazed dumbfounded at the mess. When he could, the mate spoke.

"All right, all right," he said tersely. "It's done now. Go down to the paint locker, get rags and turps and clean it up the best you can."

At that moment two bells struck from the wheelhouse, and Sloppy looked up more cheerfully. "Two bells, sir. I got to go to supper." Rawson called, reluctantly, that to hold Sloppy on the job actually would throw the watch into confusion.

"Very well," he sighed. "You can clean it up later. But before you go below warn the captain it's there."

Then Mark Rawson himself went to supper in the saloon-mess.

Back on the bridge in fifteen minutes, with old Joe, a real A.B., at the wheel, the chief mate had a little time which should have been peaceful. Worry about Sloppy, however, still harassed him.

The days of more commands than men to take them were on the way out. The Adams Line, which owned

the *Craighill*, was a sound, long-established, but not very large outfit. They looked like an excellent bet for the future; but the command of a sister ship, the *Taneyhill*, which would soon be open, might be the last with them for a long time.

Sloppy must be watched every minute, that was all; or there would be no luck for an ambitious chief mate, and no joyful pride for a recent red-headed bride at finding a captain's wife.

Accordingly, when Sloppy came clambering up the port ladder to relieve his watchmate for supper, Rawson followed him into the wheelhouse, kept a hawk eye on him while he took the wheel, and peered intently into the binnacle to check the man's course. The voyage wouldn't last forever; and in this way—

Then the hope was lost in a thud, a roar, and a string of Anglo-Saxon exclamations from the lower bridge. Captain Holm, a big, handsome man, was usually good-tempered; but the voice had to be his.

"What happened, sir?" Rawson called, diving out into the darkness. "Do you need any help?"

"There's some kind of slush on the deck outside my door," the captain shouted. "No, it's not slush. It's white paint. It's all over my second-best blues."

Contemptuously the officer turned and tramped out of the wheelhouse.

You didn't have to be recently married to a girl like Marion to reach an accurate judgment of a man like that."

"Haven't seen or heard from any of 'em for four years," Sloppy replied unconcernedly.

Contemptuously the officer turned and tramped out of the wheelhouse.

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The absolutely new 18 h.p. 6-cyl. VAUXHALL VELOX, a completely new addition to the Vauxhall range — a true top-gear car designed and powered for 60 miles an hour cruising and genuine top speed around

15 miles an hour. Modern and distinctive in styling, sparkling in performance, its petrol consumption is even better than the 14 h.p. Vauxhall which Velox replaces — a car Australia has been waiting for.



VAUXHALL WYVERN — 12 h.p. Wyverns — a proved favorite, brilliantly styled and with new mechanical refinements. Its 12 h.p. engine is a tested and proved Australian favorite in both city

and country, giving "big car" handling and roadability with a petrol economy of 34 miles per gallon with normal driving, at an average of 30 miles per hour. Top speed is a happy, useful 60-65 miles per hour.

Your Vauxhall Dealer has all details of the new models NOW. See him. Study all the Vauxhall superiorities — including the luxurious new English and Australian built bodies — Vauxhall's famous overhead valve engine with 6-phase carburation — Vauxhall's special synchromesh gears that CANNOT be clashed — torsion-bar independent front wheel suspension — spring-spoke steering wheel — finger-flick gear change on steering column — alligator bonnet — safety glass in all windows on all bodies — and very many other features. A friendly warning! — if you MUST have immediate delivery, you may not be prepared to take your turn for Australia's favorite, a Vauxhall, but your gain will be very great if you do! So — see your Vauxhall Dealer at once — and don't forget to discuss with him the G.M.A.C. confidential payment plan and the made-to-match-Vauxhall "Air Chief" Car Radio.

VAUXHALL

18hp Velox ~ 12hp Wyvern

GENERAL MOTORS-HOLDENS' LTD. Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth.
Sold and Serviced by Vauxhall Dealers throughout Australia.



CHOICE OF BODIES. The Caleche Tourer body is available on both Velox and Wyvern (above). With its detachable safety glass side windows and folding hood, the Caleche is as care-free on a sunny day as

it's cosy in the cold and wet. The full body range includes English-built Saloons, Australian-built Turret-top Bodies-by Holden, and Caleche — for both Velox and Wyvern.

The LADY and The Strong MAN

By NAOMI J. WHITE

ONCE upon a time—last Tuesday, to be exact—there was a young girl named Wendy. And every morning at 8.15 sharp Wendy went out to hunt a husband. She called it Earning a living, but that, of course, as any girl knows, was only a blind.

Now the field of hunting these days is very limited, and prospective husbands are few and far between.

But, being endowed naturally with all the qualities of a good hunter—patience, a steady eye, and a stout heart—Wendy, even in this dearth of good hunting, finally rounded up three possibilities. Not counting, of course, the adenoidal young man who worked at the Corner Store, and the thrice-married grass-widower down the street. They, Wendy considered, were not worth the ammunition.

On this particular day then—last Tuesday—Wendy put on her prettiest dress, patted her nice shining brown hair into place, and thought that maybe it would be Charlie. For what Wendy wanted most in a husband, besides a loving heart, was strength. And Charlie was nothing if not strong.

Charlie played football, and he had muscles like a circus strong man and shoulders like a dumbbell.

After she had finished putting her hair into place and had kissed her mother good-bye—who in spite of being an old married lady of 40 was still full of Valuable Advice—Wendy went outside into the fresh morning sunshine and down the front path.

And sure enough there was Charlie waiting for her in his little red coupe, for it was 8.15 by now, and every morning at 8.15 Charlie came by to take Wendy to work.

"Hello, there!" said Charlie, for Charlie was a great sport as well as a strong young man.

Wendy smiled at Charlie and got into the car and arranged her skirt nicely over her pretty knees.

"Well!" said Charlie, looking at Wendy approvingly and showing his nice white teeth. "Am I lucky!"

Wendy smiled again, for it is very nice to know people who are both pleasant and lucky. "What," asked Wendy interestedly, "has happened?"

"Am I lucky!" said Charlie again as he stepped on the starter of his little red coupe. "Here I have the prettiest girl in town, and now I have got the best job."

"I thought you had a good job," said Wendy in surprise.

"Oh, that," said Charlie, and he snapped his fingers to show how unimportant his old job with a storage company was. "That's nothing. This is a real job. With a stock company."

"What stock company?" asked Wendy.

"The Rainbow's End Gold Mining Stock Company," said Charlie.

"We'll take the day off, Wendy, and celebrate. We'll celebrate by getting married. We'll buy a big brick house. We'll dance all night and sleep all day."

Wendy pressed hard on the floor board as Charlie almost hit a yellow dog taking a stroll across the street. "We'll take a honeymoon," said Charlie.

"No, Charlie," said Wendy slowly. She touched her fingers lightly to the upholstery of the red coupe—she had always liked Charlie's red coupe even though it wasn't paid for.

"What did you say?" said Charlie, surprised. He swerved to the curb and stopped. He turned and faced her and wrinkled up his forehead. "Did you say 'No,' Wendy?"

Wendy sighed and clasped her hands in her lap over her brown patent-leather purse. "Yes, Charlie," she said sadly. "I mean, yes, I said no. I can't marry you, Charlie."

"But—" said Charlie, and he looked a little hurt, "but I thought you loved me. I thought you wanted to marry me."

"I know," she said gently, "but I was wrong, Charlie. I made a mistake."

"But I can't go on without you," said Charlie, looking as if he might even cry. "I don't want to live if you won't marry me, Wendy. I'll leave my new job. I'll leave it now; I won't go to work at all."

"Then," said Wendy practically, "you couldn't support us."

Charlie looked worried. "I'll do anything you say," he said hopefully.

FOR a long moment Wendy remained silent, considering, then she shook her head. It was too bad to say no to Charlie, for Charlie was a very nice young man, and he had a loving heart. But even with his muscles and nice shoulders, Charlie was not strong. And so she opened the door and got out of the car and smiled at Charlie.

"Good-bye, Charlie," she said. "Lots of good luck, Charlie."

For a little while Wendy felt very sad, and then she crossed the street, and there was a window with a darling little pink dress in it with a sweet black velvet jacket to go with it, and Wendy couldn't keep from stopping and admiring it even though she knew she couldn't afford to buy it, and she felt better.

She felt so much better that she decided she would go a block out of her way and go by George's shop. For George was a nice young man, too.

George was not tall and muscular like Charlie, but George had a nice smile and a loving heart, and maybe he might be strong in his own way, too. And so she decided that it would be a nice, courteous thing to do to say hello to George to start the day.

The store was already open, for George was an industrious young man who believed that work never hurt anybody. There were shining red tomatoes and plump green cabbages piled up in baskets at the front, and wrinkled yellow squash and pale green balls of lettuce.

Everything was very nice and clean, and George was there, too, with a white apron tied round his waist, and he was talking with a little old woman about the price of cabbage. The little old woman was cheery-faced and spacy, and George was lean and brown and smiling, and they were having a very good time talking about cabbages.

"Hello, George," said Wendy. She stood between a basket of big red apples and a stalk of big yellow bananas. She felt a little excited just to stand and look at George and the little old woman.

"Hello, Wendy!" said George, and he looked up from the cabbages and smiled at her. He smiled with all his face, his nice brown eyes, and his mouth, and even his nose, which wrinkled up and quivered a little. But he didn't come over to Wendy. He went on talking to the little old woman about cabbages.

For a while Wendy stood there smiling anyway, and then a man came in and began poking round among the apples, and so Wendy moved away to a corner and a bin of potatoes that were brown and lumpy-looking, and she began to lose the little excited feeling that she had when she first came in.

But she knew, of course, that George was busy. That if a man gets ahead in business, he must pay attention to customers, and not just girls who come in to say hello.

And just as she had about decided that maybe she would go, George said good-bye to the little old woman and came over to Wendy. "I'm so glad you came in, Wendy," he said, and whenever George said something, you could tell that he meant it, that he was being very sincere. "I'm glad because I have something to ask you."

"Yes?" said Wendy, and she smiled at George, because any time George smiled, you just naturally smiled back, like a reflection. "What is it, George?"

"It's just this," said George. "They are very good quality." He took the apples from the man and went away and put them in a bag and gave the man his change and then he came back to Wendy.

"It's just this," said George again, and he took Wendy's hand and held it. "It's that I love you. Will you marry me? I have my store paid for now, Wendy, and from now on we will earn a nice little profit to live with. Not much, but enough. We can have a nice little house at the edge of the town."

"Just us?" said Wendy, and she smiled, for George was very nice, and it was pleasant to think about a little house at the edge of town—

with a garden and a cobbled path maybe, and roses on the fence, and a fireplace and a dog to lie on the hearthstone.

"Yes," said George. "Only, of course, there is my mother and my little sister Betsy. Just the four of us."

"Well," said Wendy doubtfully, "I don't know—George's mother was a very nice woman, and she called Wendy 'dear', and George's little sister Betsy was sweet, too, only she was twelve years old and a very active child."

Please turn to page 28



How can he expect me to feel romantic among these vegetables? Wendy thought, turning away impatiently.

The Australian Women's Weekly,
February 26, 1949.

Page 9

*Every Wife
a Part-time Nurse*



There are times when every wife must play the role of "part-time nurse". When these occasions arise, there are two simple rules to follow. First, to call the family physician whenever serious illness is suspected. Second, to see that the medicine cabinet is stocked with dependable medicines.

That is why you will find Nyal Family Medicines in so many homes. Nyal Medicines are specially intended for the safe and effective treatment of the small illnesses which visit every home occasionally.

There is a dependable Nyal Medicine for almost every ordinary ailment. Each one has the formula plainly printed on the package. That is your guarantee of dependability and effectiveness.

Sold only
by Chemists

NYAL
family medicines

FIRST AID FOR  STOMACH DISORDERS



NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA. Every parent knows the value of Nyal Milk of Magnesia — the ideal corrective for the digestive upsets of infants and children. It is equally suitable for adults. Neutralises acid condition — corrects sour stomach, heartburn and indigestion. In two forms — sweetened or regular.



NYAL FIGSEN Constipation often causes digestive disorders. The safe, effective way to end constipation is with Nyal Figsen. Figsen is a gentle, pleasant-tasting laxative — does not cause pain or discomfort.



NYAL CREOPHOS. Stubborn chest colds and bronchitis respond quickly to Nyal Creophos. Creophos contains ingredients which not only clear up deep-seated chest colds, but also restore your strength and resistance after the weakening effects of 'flu. Obtainable from all chemists, in three sizes.



Give
your skin this
gentle beautifying care . . .
LUX TOILET SOAP
active-lather facials

SAYS
Gene Tierney
star of
Twentieth-Century Fox's
"THAT WONDERFUL URGE"



GENE TIERNEY, lovely lady with the smooth, immaculate complexion, advises Lux Toilet Soap for flawless skin beauty. Make active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap *your* complexion care! Each night and morning work in the luxurious lather, rinse with warm water, splash with cold. As you pat to dry with a soft towel you find skin softer, smoother. Take a daily beauty bath with this pure, white soap as well—it's the way to film star loveliness all over.

THE BATH AND COMPLEXION CARE
OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS

CT.254.WWV142g



PENCIL-SLIM skirt of this Balmain model looks glamorous; but think of walking quickly in it! WRIGGLING into a narrow skirt is only first trouble. Others come when going out.

FASHION HAS ITS TRIALS . . .



FULL SKIRTS add to dry-cleaning bill. Who has not had this happen in a tram, bus, or train?



BRUSH OFF on car door for hat with high brim or trimming if wearer is not careful.

- There is no limit to the discomfort a woman will endure rather than be out of fashion. The long full skirt vogue has been plaguing us for months, and now comes what threatens to be an even worse trial—the pencil-slim skirt, with its restriction on free movement especially in city traffic.



HIGH STEPPING into tram is manoeuvre needing skill when wearing narrow skirt.



LONG FULL SKIRTS AND BIG HATS are among the most glamorous-looking clothes we have worn for years; but neither are easy to cope with if the wind blows. When you try to manage both you often get this effect.



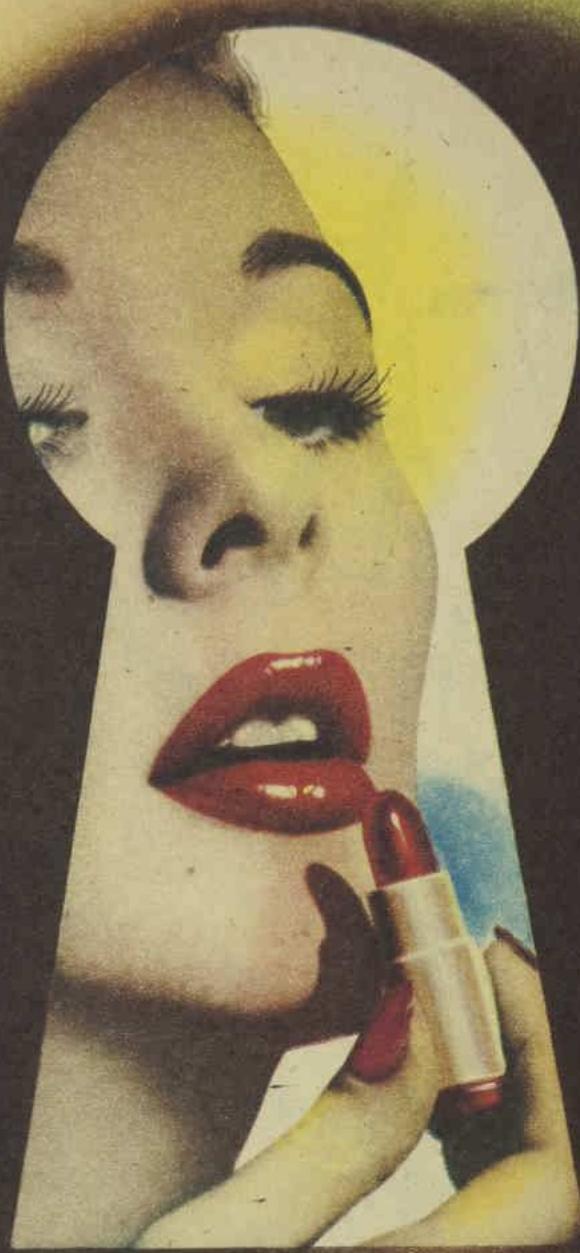
GLAMOR PLUS is this evening gown by Maggy Rouff; but just try dancing in it.



CHARM BRACELETS are more the rage than ever. They may be a good conversation piece; but what they do to veils!



ANKLE-STRAP SHOES give that Parisian look, until you cross your legs and catch your newest nylons.



*On
everybody's
lips!*

THE FINISHING TOUCH that makes a lovely lady lovelier is the smooth, clear-cut finish of Lournay Lipstick. Its satin-smooth texture is perfect. Any of the seven glorious shades will dramatize the curve of your lips and point a highlight to the charm of your smile.

Lournay

COLOUR FOR LASTING LOVELINESS

HIBISCUS • PETUNIA • RED VELVET • PAPRIKA

BURGUNDY • RENDEZVOUS • FORBIDDEN FRUIT

I Wish We Were Married

ALISON waited inside the door, telling herself she should be loving every moment of the novelty of everything. But, instead, she felt lost in a blur of unhappiness.

She had to go into the middle of the street to get in the taxi, holding her skirt high.

"What a night!" said Jon. "Well, that's quite a crowd, isn't it? Candy really is a wonder—there's nothing she can't do."

With the taxi winding its way uneasily through the ice and snow back to Aunt Jess', Alison thought of a lot of things Candy couldn't do. She couldn't run a bush homestead, she couldn't save paddy-lambs, she couldn't muster a flock of sheep, or shear, or skirt fleece and bale wool, or kill a snake or beat out a grass fire.

Also, however well she could ride, she couldn't ride a tenth as well as Alison. Not that any of that did Alison a hoot of good.

Then they were at the apartment and he was kissing her good-night. She put her hand up against his cheek. "Oh, Jon!" she whispered.

Jon took her hand down and held it. "You're sweet, Alison," he said.

Only when she was falling asleep did she think that any of the other girls he had been with that evening would have scorned to be told they were sweet.

Perhaps he hadn't meant it as a compliment, after all.

When she woke, Alison could see ahead only as far as one thing—she had to have a decent dress before she saw Jon that evening. She hurried to her handbag, where she knew there was not much left of the money she was permitted to bring out of Australia.

She would leave a note for her hostess and slip out of the apartment to get breakfast somewhere outside.

Aunt Jess' door must have been open, for suddenly she called, "Are you awake? Goodness, child, imagine being dressed to go out at this hour and in such beastly cold. Pass me the 'Times.' There's an address you could try for an apartment—some committed suicide. Grisly, but, after all—"

"I don't think I will," Alison said quietly. What was the good of even thinking about an apartment till she saw if she could do better than last night?

"I'll ring. Get me the number of the apartment building—the book's on the floor somewhere." Aunt Jess started dialling talking meanwhile. "Probably a prospective tenant went up in the elevator as the other tenant went down off the window-sill, but—hello, hello! About that part—oh."

She hung up and reached for a cigarette. "It's taken. People shouldn't jump so long before the paper goes to press."

Alison turned and walked over to the window.

"What about dining here tonight?" Aunt Jess said. "I'm sure there's no food in Times Square."

For a moment Alison didn't get the connection, then she turned.

"I didn't specially want to have dinner there," she said. "I—I just—well, anyway, Jon said in the taxi last night that you might ask us to—then we could go to Times Square and the top of Radio City afterwards."

Aunt Jess sat upright suddenly. "It sounds like a wild evening to me. Well, I must get up." She threw off the covers.

Alison, rather embarrassed, left the room.

It couldn't be an expensive dress like Candy's, but at least it could be a dress like Candy's. And a sash hair-do. Also like Candy's.

The dress turned out not to be

Continued from page 4

quite like the one Alison had in mind, but at least it was black, and had the same straight neckline.

The salesgirl had looked at her reflectively, then suggested a wedgewood blue, on a nearby hanger, but Alison barely gave it a glance. Candy wore black.

With her purchase in a box she next went to a beauty salon, and indicated the way she wanted her hair dressed. They did it very competently, but then arose the question of her hat.

She looked in the purse in her handbag, and all cogitation on the subject of a new hat stopped there—she had thirty-five cents left.

Well, until she got some more money it would be no hat at all, and her old coat. But at least she would be sophisticated indoors with her dress and hair-do.

She began to look around her with the beginnings of a proprietary air. The rush and bustle of everywhere troubled her less, and she began to feel hungry. Thirty-five cents didn't offer much scope, and she must keep five cents for the bus.

There was a shop at the corner with people sitting on high stools. Hot frankfurters, a sign said, with hot chocolate. Both sounded wonderful. She went in and perched herself on one of the revolving stools.

She was biting into her frankfurter when she noticed a girl across from her. She wore a tweed coat, and had a tanned, open, uninvolved sort of face, but she had put her hair into a harshly elaborate coiffure. The effect was so incongruous that Alison found herself smiling broadly.

She froze in the act.

The girl across from her was also smiling broadly.

Alison stared in the mirror, then her eyes fell. In a stunned sort of way she put the frankfurter down and moved the cup of chocolate a little away from her. Then she fumbled for her handbag and her hat and the dress-box, and somehow got out on the pavement.

It seemed to take an eternity to get back to the apartment.

Alison couldn't get the pins out of her hair fast enough, and it was almost as if her hair gave a sigh of relief as it fell into the old waves.

Then her eyes fell on the package. Well, at least the dress was all right. Hastily she put it on, and then looked in the mirror.

Standing there, with her rather short neck engulfed in the straight line that had so carelessly enhanced Candy, Alison looked like nothing so much as an incredulous turtle. And where the drapery on Candy's dress had seemed a part of her, the fullness in Alison's was just a fullness, and unfortunate. As for what black did to her—

Quick panic ran over her. She went and stood at the living-room window, looking out at the East River that swept by in rushing greyulleness.

She was afraid. She stood there and faced it. She was scared stiff.

She tried to be honest with herself. It wasn't only that she was a stranger in a new land, but she knew very well she wasn't made of the same stuff as those girls she had seen last night. Even if she could make herself look like them, she was different inside.

Up and down she walked over Aunt Jess' thick chartreuse carpet. What she needed was to go for a good long ride, to tear over endless acres till she had galloped out the storm inside her.

If she couldn't do that she could at least go for a walk. She asked the doorman how she could get beside the river.

A narrow path had been ploughed in the snow, and she walked fast.

She wanted to cry, but it was too cold, with that hard wind coming off the river—her tears would freeze.

Anyhow she knew perfectly well what was the thing to do. And it wasn't as if Candy wouldn't make Jon happy.

But talking severely to herself didn't help. Nothing seemed to count but the ache that enveloped her—the ache of loving Jon.

The length of the East River Drive she went, then over to Park Avenue, then back to the apartment.

By that time she was ready to do what she had known since yesterday had to be done.

After dinner Aunt Jess said, "Personally, I know New York is here, without going to the top of Radio City to check, but if you two are going it's a good clear night."

Jon put his coffee cup down on the small table before the fire.

"Do you want to go, Alison?"

"No," she answered.

"That's fine," Jon said. "I'm so busy at the office now I'm about ready to cave in by night."

"All right," Aunt Jess stood up abruptly. "You rest here. I'm going to a movie."

When Alison heard the front door close she got up and went to the window. Opening it, she stared out. Jon's head appeared over the back of the couch.

"It's only fifteen above, you know."

"Sorry," She put the window down and went back to the fire. "Jon," she said with a rush, "there's something—"

He wriggled himself into a more comfortable position.

She gulped and began again. "I—I—" The words simply would not come.

A tugboat on the river whistled, and Alison bit her lip hard, then went on. "I suppose it's just one of those things—two years is a long time, and—and we saw each other such a little while anyway. So—I've been thinking it over, and—and I find I—I—" she moistened her lips. "I find I don't want us to get married."

Oh, Jon! She twisted quickly on the seat to see if he—

Dumbfounded, she stared at him. He was sound asleep.

As she sank back against the couch he stirred and his arm fell around her shoulders.

He opened his eyes an instant and tightened his arm so that her head rested on him. "It's nice," he murmured, and went back to sleep.

Alison wasn't too bewildered to be very still so as not to wake him. Besides, it would be the last time he would ever hold her in his arms. Involuntarily she moved, and he jerked awake.

"Uh?" he said intelligently, then yawned. "My golly, this is peaceful, isn't it?"

Alison lifted her head and faced him wonderingly.

"Am I glad Candy or anybody didn't pop up with a party to-night!" he muttered fervently. "You're not disappointed, are you?"

She shook her head. "All the times I've thought of us together like this!"

Alison swallowed hard and quickly leaned against him so he wouldn't see her eyes.

He straightened her hair a little. "Not that I don't like the way it wavers about," he said gently.

"Guess I just like everything about you. I wish we were married." Then he held her from him at arm's length. "What's the matter?"

She brushed her hand over her eyes. "Nothing. Kiss me, Jon."

He did. Then he said. "I feel wonderful. Let's go out and do the town?"

She jumped up. "Yes. Oh, yes!"

New York. Her city. And her darling Jon.

(Copyright)



THE house

THAT YOU BUILT

Housing is such an urgent need that the holders of Life Assurance policies can take pride in the support they are giving it. For though you put your savings into Life Assurance mainly to collect benefits when they are due, your savings are meanwhile working to make life more agreeable for all of us. Right now, for instance, the purchase of 26,000 homes is being financed by your Life Assurance Offices.

The funds of Life Assurance Offices are for the protection of policy holders, are used for the benefit of the community.

EVERY Australian BENEFITS BY LIFE ASSURANCE

ISSUED BY THE LEADING LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES IN AUSTRALIA

8/289

Page 15

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



VIC. PATRICK

and FAMILY all agree:

*"Horlicks is extra delicious
and more nourishing. It's
our family food drink."*

Vic. Patrick, famous Australian boxer, is very much the family man. And do you wonder why, when you see his charming wife and two lovely daughters, Anne and Vicki?



Both Vic. and his wife, Nancy, swear by Horlicks. Mrs. Patrick says: "You'll always find Horlicks in our house. It's so nourishing." And Vic. says: "Naturally I watch my health carefully at all times. And that's why I like Horlicks so much . . . it helps me sleep and keeps me in fighting trim."

HORLICKS BUILDS YOU UP
The full satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk

and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour . . . that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks at home simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up . . . to nourish the body and nerves . . . and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But — whatever the reason — everyone enjoys Horlicks.

HORLICKS AND "NIGHT STARVATION"

If you wake tired, feel run-down and "nervy", then you need Horlicks to guard against "Night Starvation". Horlicks replaces energy lost during the day and while you sleep — builds up new reserves within you. After Horlicks you wake refreshed—ready for the day. There is nothing "just as good" to guard against "Night Starvation". Always ask for Horlicks.



Here's an informal photo, of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick enjoying a delicious cup of Horlicks before bed. Vic. says: "After Horlicks I wake up feeling fine. It's a great drink!" Horlicks is equally delicious hot or cold!

Ask your storekeeper for
HORLICKS

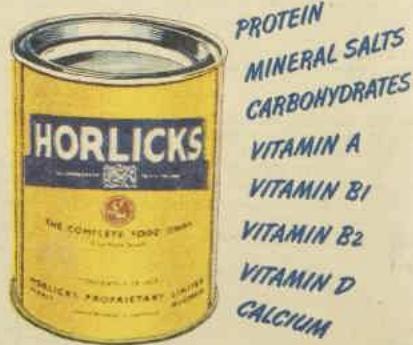
16-oz. Tin **3/6** 8-oz. Tin **2/2**

(Prices slightly higher in country areas.)



"You've got to be fit — to fight," says Vic. Patrick. And that's one good reason why he enjoys Horlicks — it helps to keep him fighting-fit all the time.

RICH IN THESE VITAL FOOD VALUES



when mixed as directed.

New Paris clothes are feminine, wearable



WORKROOMS at the Molyneux salon in London, with the girls working at top speed preparing the designer's spring collection.



JACQUES FATH prefers to do his sketches sitting casually on the floor in his studio. His collection is noted for its elegance, and includes simple clothes suitable for every woman.

Stunt frocks and hats are made of hessian, hemp, and jute

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Paris this spring has created a new fluid silhouette that is flattering to the figure, feminine, and without exaggeration.

There are two distinct lines. One is slim skirted with drapery or folding-over fullness to the side or caught in a bunch at the back. The other is full skirted, with the fullness starting gradually towards the hip and swinging out slowly to the hem.

All eccentricity of fashion has vanished. The one-time "new look" and the tube line, which Australians will be wearing this winter, have given way to such simple elegance that, at last, Paris can be said to have designed clothes for everyone.

Because the couturiers are anxious to make the average Frenchwoman as chic again as she was when good clothes were within her reach, many houses are opening shops inside their grand premises, where simplified versions of their models are sold for half price.

Jacques Fath's supremely elegant parade of clothes included dresses so simple that they belonged to every woman.

His length is shorter, and, like every other house, 13 inches from the ground for daytime, varying for cocktails, dinner, and evening.

A whole series of simple button-through frocks in Fath's collection were elegant.

One beige gabardine button-through dress had side pockets. A navy-blue wool with envelope buttoning back and front, and broderie anglaise collar and cuffs, was another neat dress in this classic series.

A button-through dress in neat check with a high-winged collar standing up at the back, and finishing in stiffened points at either side of the chin, was another version.

This pointed collar is most popular and comes within the range of tapered collars everyone is showing. Jacques Fath did less stunting than usual.

Hessian cocktail dresses with a full skirt and topless bodice richly embroidered in jewelled cabochons were in fact the only stunt dresses. These "new poor" fabrics started with toiles, alpacas, jute, hemp, and jutean dresses, which were followed by fingertip coats of hessian, embroidered in jewellery and with pewter-and-gold thread and leather used lavishly. Sometimes hessian was

close-fitting, bowl-like hats, and necklines that rise high at the back.

He pushed to one side layer upon layer of material so that his skirts were straight with a great span of material concentrated from the hip. He called it cocktail pleating.

He created the pyramid coat, with a turned-back front, from the narrowest of shoulders.

Dramatic taffeta evening wraps entirely enveloping the figure and sweeping the ground were in matching or contrasting colors to the muted grey-brown, off-blacks, or pastels Fath used for his evening dresses. They were in rich, stiff

satin, mostly topless, though he did create a new neckline, which was a halter with a deep oval cut away at the back and sides.

Against this simplicity of line and color he used the loveliest jewelled net scarves, chain necklace, dangling earrings. Such studied elegance was so feminine and delightful that the rope, hessian, and cork models were taken as they were meant — nothing more than an amusing interlude in a series of good clothes.

Without doubt Jean Deses' magnificent collection has put his house right into the rank of top-flight style.

Deses has achieved great harmony and suppleness through femininity and apparent simplicity.

His new lines included the spiral skirt. This was achieved by mounting cotton or silk on canvas and winding it round the figure as though making it a paper cone. He calls it the corset line.

It gives the effect of width without bulk in a most striking way.

Another Deses was the cornered skirt made of pleated tiers treated in the same way to form a simple spiral.

Most amusing and effective use was made of scarves.

A long trail of material was draped round the figure, then floated from waist or shoulder line, or sleeve stoles with long ends were thrown round the shoulders.

These loose, floating panels gave a wind-blown effect to the straight silhouette.

Fath's choice of material showed a sureness of taste reflected through the collection. He used shepherd checks of black, navy-blue, and pastels for sports wear; black taffetas for town frocks and cocktail suits; lovely little sweater-tops in dark colors, with wool tartan skirts, and long tartan scarves thrown over the shoulder from the waistline.

Pin-striped woolens were effective in a range of suits with backward movement and skirt fullness jutting out from under a flared peplum.

Like all the designers, he showed very little color. Black, grey, and yellow, navy-blue and white, and lots of navy-blue for evening wear were his favorites.

Molyneux, in addition to creating the floating panel frock, so popular with every house, showed double skirts, slim and straight underneath, with full skirt on top. Some-

times he had two wide pouffes of materials around the hips.

Padded hips being out, designers achieved a full-hipline effect by the use of large pockets. In tailor-made suits Molyneux nipped the waist, gave hip emphasis in pockets.

Molyneux jackets all had the sloping shoulder-line.

Schiaparelli had a delightful collection. She called her silhouette hurricane. It has soft spiral folds in front, with the fullness going backwards.

Her waists are narrow, so that the curve of the hips and swirl of bust are accentuated.

Using plain or checked wool alpaca, silk jersey, satin, taffeta, faille, and plain or printed shantung, she too made clothes which could be worn by every woman.

Like most houses Schiaparelli showed many white fluted boleros in pique. These just cover the shoulders and are worn with a scarf in dark evening and cocktail dress. They are very crisp and young.

Normal waistline

PIERRE BALMAIN has as the basis of his spring collection the theme youth, simplicity, and the romanticism of the French 18th century.

His day silhouette is narrow, but never so tight that it impedes easy movement. Simpler frocks have pleats.

He has the waistline back to normal; slim, natural, and easy. Often frocks have a blousing back.

Tailored suits follow the line of Paris this spring with peplums draped to one side or to the back over a skirt that shows a slight back fullness.

Pretty starched Dutch bonnets are featured in organdie and pique with cotton beach frocks.

The style looks loveliest of all on a bride, whose gown has a thousand yards of Valenciennes lace stitched on fine organdie in rows that gradually widen from the yoke to the hem.

Pirate suits for beach wear, diamond eyes in silver fox stoles, sunshades with smelling salts in the handle or a quizz glass at the top, a linen cocktail frock hung with large sequins encircling cork spots.

Dick Whittington bags of colored linen to match the bow-tie on a beach suit are all part of a lovely collection that summed up spring in Paris.

Send us your color photographs

★ The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers doing color photography to submit processed transparencies for possible publication.

Among the most popular features in The Australian Women's Weekly are the color photographs.

Interest in color photography is increasing and many readers are experimenting with it. Some must have pictures worth submitting.

Those published will be paid for at £10 each. If a picture is used as a cover, payment will be increased to £25 each.

Readers who try for a cover should bear in mind the shape of our cover pictures.

Do not send hand-colored prints of ordinary photographs. For technical reasons these are not suitable for reproduction in The Australian Women's Weekly.

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Select your own subject or series and send only processed color work—not negatives.

Pack them carefully to avoid damage in transit and address to The Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Mark the package "Color Photographs."

Pictures not accepted will be returned if you send cost of postage.

Editorial

FEBRUARY 26, 1948

THE DRIFT TO THE CITY

TELLTALE figures on the drift from country to city were cited at the New State conference at Armidale, N.S.W.

The six northern regions of the State have lost 75,000 of their population in the past 14 years, and this is a story that could be repeated all round Australia.

Decentralisation can help by encouraging local industries and increasing local loyalties. But it is not the full answer.

You can't wipe out the lure of big cities. To people outback, Australia's capital cities have the same lure that London and New York hold for city Australians.

Over the war and post-war years, the drift has been accelerated because abundance of jobs reduced the unemployment hazard for those who left the paddocks for the pavements.

The answer is to increase the lure of country life. That it has its own attractions is proved by the thousands of country people who wouldn't care to stay in the city for more than a holiday and the many city people who long to take up land.

There is something satisfying in the life of the soil, but such spiritual rewards are not enough.

More amenities such as libraries, travelling art shows and theatres, power and water conservation schemes, improved educational facilities are all needed to make country life better.

The city, which owes so much of its prosperity to the country, should support all such undertakings. Without them, the spreading lands behind Australia's seaboard will soon be left for the rabbit and the dust-storm to destroy.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



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WORTH Reporting



Oldest solicitor

HAVING always imagined Tahiti a land of liling native airs, whispering guitars, and dreamy romance, we were brought up sharply recently when we learned that island tunes are considered all right by the older folk, but what hell Tahitians really like is hillbilly music.

They hear this on short-wave broadcast from the U.S.A. and Manda. Speaking only French and Tahitian, the natives aren't interested in the lyrics, supply their own to tunes that take their ear.

"I'm My Own Grandpa" is still having a great success in the island. Tahitians have supplied it with from 20 to 30 verses.

It might be a comedy hit in English, but as sung by the Tahitians it becomes a love song, much used by young men who are courting.

The cowboy songs of American film star Roy Rogers are first favorites; those with yodeling in them are a curiosity to make any Tahitian hit parade.

We learnt this when interviewing through an interpreter, two saronged, exotic Tahitian sisters, Ervine and Eullette Rey, who were in Sydney to see a big city for the first time, and to make recordings for a travelogue radio show.

The girls' biggest disappointment was to find that they were to record only genuine Tahitian music. They had nearly mastered "To Each His Own" in French.

Bank on marriage

THE disturbing rise in divorce figures inspired the Royal Bank of Canada to devote one issue of its regular monthly letter to love, marriage, and upbringing of children.

The bank set research workers to find out the chief causes of the breaking up of family life.

Investigators agreed that much discord was fostered by films, radio, and books which portrayed marriage as the answer to romantic dreams rather than as a job of work.

They approved of the result of a Canadian poll which proved people found that romance was not one of the most important qualities.

Married women had agreed that a good provider, someone faithful, patient, and kind was the ideal husband, while married men put "good homemaker" first in a wife.

Russian-born pianist

RUSSIAN-BORN pianist Vera Benenson, who recently arrived in Australia, says that although she misses her flat and studio at Hampstead, London, she receives news of her old home from the famous singer Elisabeth Schumann, who now lives there.

Born at Kiev, in the Ukraine, Madame Benenson was taken to Germany as a child prodigy and taught by Artur Schnabel. At 13 she toured Europe with orchestras, assimilated a general education as she went along, and learned to look after herself.

"It is the best way," she said. "I grew up quickly."

She laughed suddenly: "I remember when I was 17, used to going about Europe, quite sure of myself. I went with an orchestra to Poland.

"I was horrified when I saw my mother waiting on the station for me as our train pulled in. Oh, such a disgrace for a woman of the world of 17. To be met as if I were a schoolgirl!"

In Australia Madame Benenson is giving concerts and radio broadcasts.

Interesting People

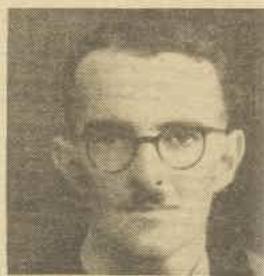


MRS. HILDA ABBOTT

... first book

FIRST woman to go abroad doing secretarial work for Red Cross during World War I, Mrs. Hilda Abbott, wife of former Administrator for Northern Territory, the Hon. C. L. A. Abbott, has recently published her first book, "Among the Hills."

It tells of her childhood as a member of a large family living in the Monaro district, N.S.W. Mrs Abbott lived at The Residency, Alice Springs, and Government House, Darwin, for nine years.



DR. GORDON DONNAN

... one-armed radiologist

WINNER of 1949 £1000 Thomas

Baker Memorial Scholarship for Radiologists is one-armed Perth radiologist Dr. G. Donnan. A Queenslander by birth, he graduated in Sydney. Dr. Donnan served in Middle East with a Queensland battalion. Amputation of arm resulted from being sniped at by Japanese on Kokoda Trail. Plays bowls now instead of cricket and football. Specialises in diagnosis, will do research on X-ray.



MISS EMILY SHORROCKS

... shipping career

ONLY woman senior official of Overseas Shipping Representatives' Association in Victoria, Miss Emily Shorrocks has had finger on pulse of shipping world since 1917, but has never been abroad. Started by doing secretarial work for O.S.R.A., which co-ordinates activities of all shipping companies. During war assumed present office for Association, handled board meetings, met important overseas visitors. Interests: good music, fine hand sewing.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 26, 1948

★ ★ Absorbing reading from cover to cover. Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine — 1/- ★ ★



VISITOR FROM AMERICA. Mrs. Richard Thorburn (second from left), formerly Margaret Blau, who is here from America, lunches at Prince's with (from left) Mrs. Alex Ryrie, Mrs. Douglas Burroughs, and Mrs. Sandy Robertson.



FROM NEW ZEALAND. Lunch at Romano's for Louis Paul, of Wellington, N.Z., and Dawn Conran, of Hawkes Bay, N.Z., on day of Louis' arrival in Sydney. Dawn wears natural straw hat of cartwheel dimensions, and deep clambon linen frock.



WED AT RANDWICK. Douglas and Joan Rudd leaving Sacred Heart Church. Joan is second daughter of Mr. J. Crennan, of Randwick, and of the late Mrs. Crennan, and Douglas is youngest son of Mrs. M. Rudd, of Strathfield, and the late Mr. E. Rudd.

Intimate Greetings

PARTIES nearly every day for weeks before she sails farewell Mrs. Stanley Collett, of England, who is on her way home after six months' visit to her mother, Mrs. F. E. Lindeman, at Double Bay.

Day before she leaves in the Crosties, Mrs. Lindeman entertains nearly fifty of Ned's friends—most of them former school friends—at afternoon party at Queen's Club.

Hostesses at other parties include Mrs. John Hornbrook of Strathfield; Mrs. J. Stevenson, of Vaucluse; Mrs. Nancy Bottomley, of Rose Bay, and Mrs. Stokes-Hughes, of Strathfield.

Daughter Diana Collett has just announced her engagement to Noel Firment Williams, and Mrs. Collett, who "loved every minute" of her Sydney visit, is looking forward to seeing the young couple.

Mrs. Lindeman is now awaiting another visit from her second daughter, the Countess of Kenmare, who will probably arrive towards the end of the year.

FEVER and green creepers add to coolness of courtyard at the Ken Kesteven home at Little Bay when party is given in honor of engagement of Ned Chatfield and very distant cousin Douglas Chatfield, of Auckland, N.Z. Supper is served at trestle tables and guests sit round enjoying drinks, glad that violent thunderstorm, which immediately preceded party, didn't swamp proceedings. Ned, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Chatfield, of Cromwell, wears engagement ring in unusual square setting of sapphires and diamonds. Douglas returns to New Zealand soon and couple have not decided yet if marriage will take place here or in N.Z.

OLD SYDNEIANS' BALL. Rosemary Couper and Joanna Fitzgerald are members of committee working for success of Old Sydneians' Jubilee Ball at the Trocadero on April 5. Proceeds will aid Sydney Grammar School War Memorial Fund.

CABLE to grandparents, Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. L. S. Allen, of Chatswood, announces birth of a daughter, to be called Robin Leslie, to their son-in-law and daughter, Captain and Mrs. Robert T. Boyd of Oaklands, California. Dorothea, the baby's mother, will be remembered by old girls of Abbotsleigh, Wahroonga. Her husband is in the U.S. permanent forces, and the baby was born in an Army hospital at San Francisco. A son, David, was born here.

NO immediate marriage plans for recently engaged Judy Carter and Ted Stanley, but it will be "some time within the next 18 months." Judy wears lovely solitaire diamond ring.

THAT bright couple from New York, the Ihan S. McCulloch, are visiting Sydney again for a few months. At present they're staying at Darling Point, but they hope to move into the Australia and then to a flat at Marton Hall. Ida flew out from America and Ihan, who arrived four days before her, came over from Hongkong. Ida says she's used to joining her husband in "odd spots of the world," as his cool drink firm keeps him travelling.

MEET Mrs. H. A. Boys, of Drumayne, and she tells me daughter Betty is now back at her U.N.O. job at Lake Success, in America, after having worked for several months at the U.N.O. Assembly in Paris, followed by a wonderful trip through Europe. Betty spent Christmas and New Year with her brother Arthur in London and writes her mother that she was impressed with the high standard of courtesy she met everywhere in London.

WEDDING in Singapore this Friday for Harry Gartside and Jane Lindsay, daughter of Mrs. David Lindsay, of Mosman, and the late Mr. Lindsay. Jane has done secretarial work at Government House and the Queen's Club, and Harry, son of Mrs. E. M. Gartside, of Laidley, Queensland, is with Malayan Airlines. Before leaving Sydney by Constellation this week Jane tells me she and Harry will live in brand-new flat chosen and furnished by Harry. Jane takes mostly swimsuits and sun-deck clothes, as Harry writes most time is spent at Singapore Swimming Club.

NEW car, which is gift of aunt Mrs. Frederick Moss, of Watford, Herts., awaits Joan Seymour Payne, of Mosman, when she arrives in England in March. Joan travels in company of Mrs. Carmel Quinlan, of Albury, for extensive 12 months' tour of England and the Continent. Mrs. Moss, who meets niece Joan for the first time, writes she will have the season's first primroses tucked in her coat to greet them on arrival.



PORT MORESBY WEDDING. Bernard Grant and his bride, formerly Joan Heape, leaving Ela Protestant Church, Port Moresby. Bernard is third son of Lady Elizabeth Grant, of Queensland, and the late Sir Herbert Grant, and Joan is second daughter of Mr. Ben Heape, Port Moresby, and of Mrs. Gladys Morton, of Sydney.

AT Prince's see country couple Nola Mainwaring and Noel Cunich celebrating their engagement with dinner and dancing. Nola is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mainwaring, of Hazeldean, Stockingbills, and Noel is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bal Cunich, of Redhill, Cootamundra. Youthful pair tell me they have no immediate marriage plans, but probably will wed early next year. During Sydney visit they stay with Noel's grandmother, Mrs. R. Jasprizza, at Balgowlah, but don't attempt to bring car into city after first day. Noel declares it is easier to travel by bus than try to find parking space in Sydney.

Georgie



WATCHING FASHION SHOW. At display of Germain Rocher's autumn collection of gowns, Mrs. Graham Pratten (left) and Mrs. Eric Pratten were in smartly dressed audience.



COUNTRY INTEREST. John and Ruth Gill leave St. Philip's, Church Hill, after their wedding. John is son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Gill, Walcha, and Ruth is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Fenwick, Walcha.

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Friday's Child

Continued from page 5

HIS LORDSHIP did join the party, however, and those who were used to look upon him as a regular out-and-outer who might be depended on to become the life and soul of a gathering of this order would have been hard put to it to recognise him in the punctilious young gentleman who took his seat at the rustic table and proceeded to cast a damper over the evening.

He removed Hero at the earliest possible moment, and lectured her all the way home on the impropriety of her appearing at such places, and in such company. She was at once contrite, but said that Mrs. Chester, the smart widow, had claimed friendship with him, so that she had supposed that she must be unexceptionable.

The Viscount was confounded by this, and ended the discussion by saying hastily that that was neither here nor there, and she was on no account to go to the Royal Saloon again. She promised that she would not, and the affair blew over.

But a week later the Viscount, having been made aware by the veriest accident of his wife's fell intent, was only just in time to prevent her visiting a haunt known as the Peerless Pool.

She was perfectly docile as soon as she was assured that no lady of quality would visit the Pool, and made so little lament at having her projected party of pleasure spoilt that his lordship was touched, and voluntarily sacrificed his own plans to take his unsophisticated bride to Astley's Amphitheatre, where they saw a spectacular piece entitled "The Flight of the Saracens."

This was an unqualified success for Sherry, who had thought himself above being pleased by such an artless entertainment, enjoyed himself amazingly, deriving his amusement from Hero's naive wonder rather than from the marvels exhibited on the stage.

At her request, he made a list for Hero of the places where she should not go. She combed it carefully, but it proved to be incomplete. The Viscount walked into his house early one afternoon to find a twisted note from his wife awaiting him on the table in the hall.

"Dearest Sherry," ran this missive, "only fancy! Gussie Yarford, Lady Appleby, I mean, came to visit me, and she has a famous scheme for such a frolic! We are to go in our plainest gowns to Bartholomew Fair, and she says there can be not the least objection, for Wilfred Yarford and Sir Matthew Brockenhurst are to go along with us!"

The Viscount gave a strangled groan. Mr. Ringwood, who had accompanied him home, regarded him with anxious solicitude.

"She's gone off to Bartholomew Fair!" said Sherry despairingly.

Mr. Ringwood thought this over and shook his head. "Can't do that, Sherry. Not the thing at all. Shouldn't allow it."

"How the deuce was I to guess such a notion would ever enter her head? Let me but get my hands on Gussie Yarford, that's all!"

Mr. Ringwood looked very serious. "Very bad ton, Lady Appleby. Sherry. Appleby, too. Hope he hasn't gone with them."

"Oh no!" said Sherry bitterly. "Not Appleby! Kitten knows I can have no objection to this expedition, because, if you please, they are taking Wilfred Yarford and Brockenhurst along with them!"

Mr. Ringwood's law dropped.

After a stunned moment, he said with great earnestness: "Sherry, dear old boy! No wish to put you in a pickle, but that fellow Yarford—no, really, Sherry, he's a devilish customer!"

"Don't I know it?" Sherry retorted. "And as for Brockenhurst—Dash it, I suppose I ought never to have had him dine here! Ten to one Kitten thinks all's right because of it! Well, there's only one thing for it: I must go after them!"

"But, Sherry!" protested Mr. Ringwood. "Can't have considered! Won't find 'em! Not in that vast room!"

"Well, I can make a devilish good attempt, can't I?" retorted Sherry. He added with some shrewdness: "If I know anything of Kitten, she'll be sitting in Richardson's Great Booth, watching some shocking bad play, or

staring her eyes out at a Learned Pig, or some such stuff!"

Mr. Ringwood agreed that this was very likely. He gave a cough, and ventured to say: "You know, dear old boy—not my business—but she don't mean an ounce of harm! Only saying to George last night: Dear little soul! Not up to snuff at all!"

"No!" agreed Sherry feelingly.

"Tell you what, Sherry: if I had a wife, which I'm danged glad I haven't, I'd rather have one like your Kitten than all the Incomparables put together."

"You would?" said Sherry.

"I would."

"Well, I don't know but what I wouldn't, too," said Sherry, cheerfully unconscious of having, by these simple words, bereft his friend of all power of coherent speech.

They left the house together and parted in Piccadilly. Mr. Ringwood wended his steps back to his lodgings, and trying all the way to puzzle out what kind of marriage it was that he had assisted at; and the Viscount going off in a hackney to Smithfield.

The market, which was extremely large, was so crowded with people and booths that the task of discovering one small person in the seething mob might have daunted a more dogged man than Sherry.

He paid off the hackney, and was just wondering whether to repair immediately to the Great Booth or to make a tour of the tents advertising such attractions as a Living Skeleton, a Fireproof Lady, or Mr. Simon Paap, the Celebrated Dutch Dwarf, when, by the most astounding stroke of good fortune, he perceived his wife making her way through the crowd in his direction.

She was escorted, not by Mr. Yarford or Sir Matthew Brockenhurst, but by a perfectly unknown citizen dressed in his Sunday best and having all the appearance of being a respectable tradesman.

As the Viscount stood transfixed in amazement Hero caught sight of him, gave a squeak of joy, and came pushing through the throng towards him, dragging her cavalier with her, and casting herself on his chest.

"Oh, Sherry," she cried, "I am so very glad to see you! Don't scold me! Indeed, I did not know how it would be! As soon as I saw what kind of a place it was, I told Gussie I was sure you would not like me to be here, but she said I was a little goose, and I should be safe with that odious Wilfred; and then she went off with Sir Matthew, and I tried—indeed I did, Sherry!—to make Wilfred take me home."

She paused to gasp for breath.

"He was quite abominable, and I ran away from him, and he pursued me, and Mr. Tooling—oh, this is Mr. Tooling, Sherry, and he has been so very obliging!—Mr. Tooling knocked him down, and there was such a dreadful rout, you can't conceive—but all passed off in the end, and Mr. Tooling said he would convey me home in a hackney, and then suddenly I saw you, so he need not be put to so much trouble after all!"

Sherry, detaching the grasp on his coat lapels, firmly tucked his wife's hand in his arm and turned to express the sense of his obligation to the crimson-faced Mr. Tooling.

This young gentleman, recognising at a glance a regular top-sawyer in his protege's husband, was quite overcome, and stammered out a few disjointed sentences to the effect that he was happy to have been of service.

Sherry, who was always very easy with his fellow-men, grasped his reluctant hand, and shook it, said that he was very much obliged to him, and that if he should ever be in a position to serve him in any way, he should be glad to do it.

He then inquired after Mr. Yarford, and, upon learning precisely how he had been floored, expressed hearty approval. He said that he himself was considered to be handsomely built, and took Jemima from Jackson, in New Bond Street.

This naturally led to one or two boxing reminiscences, with a few reflections on the leading prize-fighters of the day, at the end of which both gentlemen were very well pleased with each other.

Please turn to page 23

HAZEL



BUTCH



It seems to me...

By



Dorothy Drain

IF Mr. Huntington Hartford, the rich American who is endowing a school for geniuses in California, has any sense he will leave the choosing of his geniuses to some anonymous committee.

Mr. Hartford, heir to a grocery fortune, is giving 150,000 dollars a year so that chosen writers, poets, musicians, painters, and sculptors can work without worries on an estate in California.

While sometimes inclined to agree with that grim school which believes genius will accomplish its ends under any circumstances, I remind myself that many famous musicians and artists of former times had rich patrons, and were none the worse.

The trouble will start when it comes to picking the applicants. While some geniuses are modest, just as many are convinced of their greatness.

Bernard Shaw, for instance, never had any doubt that he was a great writer, and thought nothing in his young days of the fact that his mother had to work to keep a roof over their heads. As it happened, his opinion of himself was justified.

But a great many people have a similar overweening vanity and unfortunately prove to be wrong.

Poor Mr. Hartford. I hope he—or his advisers—pick some winners.

AN Australian-born citizen, black-haired and wearing horn-rimmed glasses, was travelling in a tram the other day when an elderly man got in, eyed him up and down, and asked, "Well, how do you like Sydney after Vienna?"

My acquaintance, judging the elderly one to be slightly eccentric, paid no attention at first, but as the question was repeated and the other passengers were beginning variously to snicker or look embarrassed, he moved into the seat next to his tormentor and said mildly: "Don't be so blankly silly."

"Can't trick me with your good English," persisted the eccentric in a still louder tone, and proceeded to point to the passing scene, saying such things as "Guess you like it better than Vienna."

Thankfully the first Australian reached his tramstop and got off. There was nothing more to it than that.

But the point that still worries him, giving him a guilty fear that he has a beam in his own eye, is the fact that he felt annoyed at being mistaken for a European migrant.

IN future (says one of those odd little news items that I'm devoted to) patients may be able to transmit symptoms of their illnesses by portable radio direct to hospitals while carrying out normal activities.

Oh, the poor doctors! What keeps so many people out of consulting-rooms is not the expense, but nervousness.

This nervousness is always accented by the sight of all the other people in the waiting-room who are obviously so much worse, and who make one feel a bit healthy hypochondriac.

But imagine being able to tune-in the transmitter and say, "Just listen to my heart, doctor. If you listen long enough I'm sure you'll hear it skip a beat, and while you're listening I'll tell you about the odd situation I had the other night after three glasses of sherry ale and a pound of grapes."

No need to look the doctor in the eye when he asks whether you did in fact cut down the cigarettes as advised. No chance of noting the slightly glazed boredom that may enter his eye if you get too irrelevant in your description of symptoms.

The B.M.A. would be well advised to keep a strict grip on this invention.

MR. MACMAHON BALL drew down more than enough wrath on his head when he broadcast that suggestion that "every possible obstacle should be placed in the way of people under 16 and over 30 wanting to travel abroad."

Those people, he said, were too young or too old to "get any good" out of travel. He went on to say that every help and encouragement should be given to people between 16 and 30 to travel, remarking that "at 30 the mind was set like concrete."

There has been enough thundering about these statements already, so I want only to make some mouse-like squeaks of protest.

One concerns the part about getting good out of travel. Do people, young or old, travel for their own or their country's good? Most do neither. They travel for fun. So would I.

His idea of giving those between 16 and 30 encouragement and help to travel is a fine one, if it were not for that talk about obstacles for other age groups.

And another little thing: Mr. Macmahon Ball said "people" in which he must include women.

Doesn't he know enough about young girls to know that between 16 and 20—at a conservative estimate—they are more likely to have their minds absorbed by a male fellow-traveller in a ship than anything else?

No outraged shrieks from the young ladies present, please. I, too, have been between 16 and 20. Besides, kindly remember that it's Mr. Macmahon Ball, not I, who is advocating age-group restrictions. Me, I'd vote everyone a return fare abroad.

THES REV. SIDNEY W. POWELL, of Tremont Temple, Boston, U.S.A., voices a thought that occurs to most of us one time or another when he suggests the daily prayer, "Oh, Lord, help me to keep my big mouth shut."

Mr. Powell says he believes "the sin of the tongue are more prevalent and more destructive than almost any other."

I don't intend to launch into a discussion on what sins are worse than others. Mr. Powell probably has his own opinion on that.

But often (though my friends will never believe this) I am seized with the desirability of "keeping my big mouth shut," as Mr. Powell so prettily phrases it.

Chiefly it comes over me when I hear that some remark delivered with tongue in cheek is being quoted in dead seriousness in the wrong quarters.

At other times, having been the victim of some even more fluent prattler, I make a resolution to say nothing that isn't absolutely necessary. Try it some time.

If you can last half an hour (my record) you will find that it is unnecessary to say anything except "Please pass the butter," and even that can be eliminated.

But it's an awful strain.

JOURNAL of the Egg Marketing Board in N.S.W. states that hens lay better when they're coddled and called endearing names.

Of all the creatures that live on a farm
The hen for me has least of charm.
Observing its glassy, critical eye
And affected gait, I can't deny
That it never to date has entered my head
To be nice to a Rhode Island Red;
Nor does an Orpington, white or buff,
Move me to utter endearing gaff.
But owners perhaps when eggs are soaring
Don't find the wretches quite so boring.



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Page 21



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MUM
(TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION)

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Boxing fans don't pull punches

Women fight every round from seats in audience

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

In stadiums, halls, and tents—wherever a professional fight is held in Australian cities and country towns—one of each 15 patrons who pass through the turnstiles is a woman.

Referee Joe Wallis says that women mix more with men to-day and share the same interests, and that is the reason why so many women attend fights.

THERE'S hardly a better-known figure in the sports world than Joe Wallis. He claims to have refereed more than 50,000 fights in his time, so he should know.

Joe refuses to divulge his weight, but old-timers say he once hit 20 stone.

"During the war women did what until then was regarded as men's work, and a lot of them are still doing it," Mr. Wallis points out, adding that films, radio, and newspapers have made women more sports-minded.

But veteran pugilist Jack Dunleavy, now trainer and manager of boxers, puts forward another theory: "The Yanks are responsible for our girls becoming fight fans. When so many were here during the war they wanted to see the local fights, and took their girls with them.

"That got the girls interested," he said. "The Yanks aren't here any more, but the girls still go to fights."

Up till World War I women weren't allowed in buildings where boxing took place. The curious had to be smuggled in dressed as men.

When promoters began to put on matinee training exhibitions specially for women, the boxers were made to wear long tights so that they wouldn't be offended.

To-day trunks and boxing-shoes are worn, and that's about all.

Red-headed Ken Bailey, promising contender for the lightweight title, told me: "The women who follow boxing are all ages. But the average looks about 24."

A survey of any Stadium on fight nights shows silver foxes, dirndls, matronly "blocks," and conservative business girl suits.

Ken's mother is an inveterate fight fan. His young wife had never seen a contest till he began courting her. Now she's a fan, too.

"The girls mightn't be too well-up on the finer points of the game, but they certainly know what they like—and show it," Ken added.

When it comes to hurling abuse they make the average male fight fan look positively inhibited. They not only get carried away, they

carry away the person sitting next to them—with pinches, slaps, and wild punches.

Keen feminine fans who disagree with a decision of the referee, or take a dislike to a boxer, emphasize their displeasure with jabs from umbrellas and handbags as the men pass up the aisle to their dressing-rooms after the fight.

Psychiatrists say the girls shake off the frustrations of everyday life watching hard-hitting, fast-moving sports.

They forget worries and inhibitions. As a result they're more amiable people to live with, less likely to nag their husbands and fly off the handle at little things.

These same psychiatrists say it isn't fickleness that makes the girls switch their support in mid-fight from the handsome hero to the little man who's being beaten. It's the maternal instinct.

The so-called gentler sex like a good-looking, well-set-up fighter. When Tommy Burns, glamor boy of the ring, is billed to appear, management always know that there'll be a lot of women in the audience.

Clubs formed

BUT it isn't only looks that make a girl barrack for one boxer in preference to another. Retired champion Vic Patrick, bearing visible signs of battle, has always had a big feminine following.

The girls, it seems, take a fancy to the color of a boxer's eyes, the way he parts his hair, the set of his shoulders.

Most of the photographs gymanasiums send out are in reply to fan letters written by feminine admirers to the boys who train there. Sometimes the girls carry their enthusiasm a step further by forming a fan club.

A group of Lithgow girls recently formed one for Ken Bailey.

More extroverted types express their admiration verbally with "you beaut!" "slug him," and similar terms of encouragement.

Those who earn their displeasure are yelled at, threatened, and advised to retire.

The boxers I spoke to like having women in the audience. The sight of the girls makes them feel good, spurs them on to greater efforts.

And the girls have a great night out.



The Australian Women's Weekly — February 26, 1954

T

HE two young men finally parted with mutual expressions of esteem, the Viscount bestowing his card on Mr. Tooting, who went off with his head in a whirl at the thought that he had rescued a real live peeress from annoyance, and chatted on the friendliest of terms with her young blood of a husband.

No sooner had he vanished into the crowd than the Viscount turned his attention to his troublesome wife.

"First it's one thing, and then it's another!" he said austere. "I never met such a tiresome chit as you, Hero!"

"Don't scold me, Sherry! Indeed, I am very sorry to be in another scrape!" Hero said disarmingly. She raised her worshipful eyes to his face, and said, with a small sigh: "I quite see that it is not the style of thing you would approve of, and I haven't been into any of the booths, though I did watch the scroll puppet show."

"I should think not indeed!" said his lordship severely. He then ruined his whole effect by abandoning his role of outraged spouse, and saying boisterously: "Well, since we are here we may as well take a look at the sights. Damme, if I choose to take my wife to Bartholomew Fair, who's to stop me?"

"Sherry!" gasped Hero, clinging ecstatically to his arm, "do you mean it? May I see the Fireproof Woman washing her hands in boiling oil?" And, oh, Sherry, there is a theatre here, and there is to be a piece noted called "The Hall of Death," or "Who's the Murderer?" Sherry, could we—?"

Sherry gave a shout of laughter. "Of all the nonsensical brats! 'The Hall of Death'! Come along, then, but I warn you, I won't have you clutching me every time you take flight at the mummery, as you did at Astley's!"

Hero promised to comport herself with the utmost propriety, and they went off together, bought themselves a two-shilling box for the forthcoming performance at the Great Booth, and filed in time until the curtain should rise on this promising melodrama in wandering about the market, inspecting all the freaks and buying one another several perfectly useless fairings.

"The Hall of Death" was so blood-curdling that Hero held Sherry's hand tightly from start to finish, responding from his inquiry as to whether she was enjoying it with an eloquent shudder which he correctly interpreted as signifying contentment of no mean order.

On their way home he warned her that on no account must she divulge where she had been, and most strictly forbade her to frequent Lady Appleby's company. Close questioning on the subject of Mr. Farford's advances made him reject, not without regret, his first intention to send his curte to this callow young gentleman.

The Viscount, finding for the first time in his life that he had to be wise for two people, realised that to call Mr. Farford to account would be to plunge his Hero into the very scandal he wished to avoid, and that his best course would be to remain in official ignorance of his wife's escapade.

A few nights later he took her to a Grand Gala at Vauxhall Gardens, making up an agreeable party for the expedition. Miss Milborne was among their guests, her parent having been persuaded, not without misgiving, to entrust her to Hero's chaperonage. Nothing could have been more decorous, however, than the party, or more correct than the Viscount's attentions to his guests.

The only thing that happened to mar the peace and propriety of the evening was a very stormy quarrel which took place between Miss Milborne and Lord Wrotham, consequent upon the Duke of Seven's detaching himself from his own party, on first catching sight of the incomparable, and joining the Viscount's for the greater part of the evening.

This was, of course, regrettable, but, as Miss Milborne was far too well bred to permit her annoyance to appear, and everyone was quite accustomed to see Lord Wrotham in a fit of the milles, the incident was not allowed to spoil the pleasure of the remainder of the guests.

Friday's Child

Continued from page 20

In fact, Miss Milborne was at pains to assume her most charming manners to add to the general enjoyment, finally parting from Hero with an affectionate smile, and the query, "Shall you be at Almack's tomorrow evening?"

Since Sherry, when tentatively approached on this subject, had said (with a groan) that he was willing to do his duty, Hero was able to say that she would certainly be there; and the party ended on a warmly amicable note.

Unfortunately, it transpired, when Hero burst upon her husband on the following evening in all the glory of a new dress of Italian crepe, lavishly trimmed with lace and floss-silk, that he had forgotten all about the engagement, and had made an assignation with a party of his intimates at Cribbs's Parlour.

He looked extremely disconcerted, not to say sulky, supposed she would expect him to send a message round to Gil's lodgings, and wondered what she could possibly find to amuse her at Almack's.

"Should you prefer not to go, Sherry?" Hero asked, trying very hard not to let a wistful note creep into her voice.

"Oh! I suppose you have set your heart on it, and there is nothing for it!" he responded. "Only I shall be obliged to change my clothes, and I must say I think it is a great bore. However, it don't signify."

But she could not bear to think that he would forgo his pleasure on her account. She said instantly: "But I do not at all care to go, Sherry. Indeed, I have the headache a little, and if you are engaged with your friends I should be quite glad to stay at home!"

His face cleared at once. "Should you, indeed?" he asked vaguely. "Oh, yes!"

"And if you are dull, why you may send a note round to invite your cousin to spend the evening with you!" suggested Sherry, forgetting that he had censured her intimacy with Mrs. Hoby. "Besides, I do not go until after I have dined. I dashed off a billet to ask George to go along with us all, and he will be calling here to join me."

BUT when Lord Wrotham presented himself, towards the end of dinner, he was in knee-breeches, a circumstance which made Sherry exclaim: "We're not going to a ball, old fellow! What the deuce are you about? Knee-breeches for Cribbs's Parlour!"

Cribbs's Parlour?" repeated George, shaking hands with Hero. "But I thought we were to go to Almack's!"

"Oh!" Hero cried, in a little confusion. "I had quite forgot that you said you would go with us. Indeed, I am very sorry, George, and I can't think how I came to be so stupid!"

"Well, it's of no account," said Sherry, pouring a glass of wine for his friend. "Hero don't care to go to the Assembly, and I have made up a small little party to meet at Cribbs's Parlour."

Lord Wrotham looked inquisitorially at Hero. The significance of her ball-dress was not lost on him, and he said: "Is this so indeed? Are you sure you do not care to go?"

"No, truly, I had as lief stay at home," she assured him. "I have the headache, you know, and Sherry thinks I should very likely find it quite fat."

"Oh!" said Wrotham, frowning over it. He glanced from one to the other, and said that he supposed he had best return home to change into raincoat more suited to Cribbs's Parlour. This, however, Sherry would not permit him to do, saying that they were late already, and must be on their way. He gave Hero a careless pat on the shoulder, recommended her to go early to bed, and swept his friend off with him to pick up Mr. Ringwood.

Lord Wrotham's doubts were still troubling him, and when Mr. Ringwood expressed surprise at Sherry's having selected one of the Assembly nights for this meeting, he said abruptly: "She did not look to me as though she had a headache."

"How do you know?" responded

Please turn to page 26

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Producer likes his Shakespeare to be exciting

Visiting Stratford players have links with Old Vic Company

From our Melbourne office



Anew McMaster, Irish actor-producer, now presenting "Othello" in Melbourne, rehearses John Edmund (left), Dorothy Wheately, and his son, Christopher McMaster.

Anew McMaster, Irish actor-producer who has brought a Shakespearian company from Stratford-on-Avon to Australia, is anxious to convince the "man in the street" that Shakespeare is exciting.

Though he has little time for such fancies as Shakespeare in modern or Victorian dress, he does like to present Shakespeare in as dramatic and colorful a way as the modern theatre can achieve. So he makes great point of lighting, costumes, music, and even dance in his presentations.

He is now presenting "Othello" at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, and his next presentation will be "The Taming of the Shrew." He will follow this with an unusual presentation of "Trilby," with a singing Trilby in the title role—English soprano Helen Franklyn.

Other Shakespearian plays and classical plays will be presented later, and the company hopes to visit all States.

General manager for the tour, Walter Humphreys, was here with the Old Vic Company, and was in England only three weeks before setting out again.

"I spent every one of the afternoons and evenings I was in London in theatres," he said.

The company is quite a McMaster family affair.

Anew's wife, Marjorie, is designer and is in charge of costumes and decor, and their son, Christopher, 19, baby of the company, plays comedy roles.

Their daughter, Mary Rose, who is 18, is also on the stage, and is at present appearing with the Dublin Gate Theatre in Dublin.

Anew McMaster is an exhilarating personality. He is tall, slender, with a rugged face, bushy eyebrows, and a mobile mouth. More than 20 years ago he was in Australia playing Iago to Oscar Asche's Othello in Melbourne. He has had his own company of players almost ever since he returned to Great Britain from that tour.

"I've come back because I remember her Australians as some of the best theatre audiences in the world," he said.

"Few of the players in this company have acted together before. They're English, Irish, Scottish, Australian."

Anew McMaster has played with the great Sir Herbert Tree, Julia Neilson, Gladys Cooper, Mrs. Patrick Campbell (she played Lady

Macbeth in his company), and more recently American film beauty Paulette Goddard and her husband Burgess Meredith.

"I'm very fond of Paulette," he said. "She's witty and wise-cracking."

He likes difficult roles. For this reason he doesn't rank Hamlet as his favorite, though he likes to play it. He thinks it's hard not to make a success of Hamlet. The hardest role he's tackled is, he thinks, Oedipus, and he intends to present "Oedipus Rex" to Australian audiences.

He was the first person to put on Ibsen's "Ghosts" in Australia, and he was the first Hamlet to appear in the new Stratford Theatre in 1926.

"I never, never play Irish roles," he said. "and I'm just as nervous now as I was 25 years ago."

Man-sized job

Mrs. McMaster, who is a tiny wisp of a person, weighing only 5st. 8lb. and less than 5ft. tall, does a man-sized job with the company.

With the assistance of 24-year-old Irish Colm O'Doherty as "wardrobe master," she's in charge of the hundreds of costumes the company has brought to Australia. She also supervises the sets designed by Carl Bonn which were put together at the Princess under direction of actor-stage-manager of the company, Ernest Leitch, who combines this work with playing leading character roles.

Like the rest of the family, Mrs. McMaster has theatre in her blood. She was on the stage herself for many years and still occasionally plays a role.

Her brother, Michael MacLiammoir, runs the Dublin Gate Theatre. Down in the packing-rooms of the theatre she and Colm O'Doherty showed us some of the gorgeous



TENSE SCENE from "Othello" rehearsed by Paul Stephenson (ago) and Dorothy Wheately (Emilia).

things which the players will wear in their presentations.

Mrs. McMaster says she's a magpie, always picking up things she thinks might be useful "some day" and storing them away.

Some of their lovely period gowns and wraps in the big baskets belonged to her great-aunts. Many of the costumes for "Othello" are made from rich vestment materials, all purchased in Dublin.

As Othello, Mr. McMaster wears some really gorgeous sarongs for what he calls the "undress scenes." Some of them are of Indian muslin heavily beaded or sewn with intricate designs in pearls.

Christopher McMaster made his

stage debut at the age of seven, when he played the son of Coriolanus with his father in the name role at the Stratford theatre.

"After that I went to school, and my only acting was with the B.B.C. during school holidays," he said.

"When I was 13 I appeared as Michael in 'Peter Pan,' with Anna Neagle at the London Palladium, and when I finished school toured Ireland with father's company. Just recently I've been playing at the Mercury Theatre, London, in Saroyan's 'The Beautiful People.'

Brown-haired, brown-eyed Paul Stephenson, who plays Iago, has appeared at the Old Vic with Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson.

Famous father

Son of the late Sir Guy Stephenson, one of England's famous legal figures, he lives with his mother at their home, "Friendly Green," Kent. Paul has mostly appeared in Shakespeare, having played for two seasons at Stratford.

Veteran of the company is Eric Maxon, who first visited Australia in 1910 with H. B. Irving and appeared in "Ben Hur." He was here in 1926 with Guy Bates Post.

Romantic note is lent to the company by presence of recently married John Harrison, 24, and Daphne Slater, 20.

"We met when we appeared with the Stratford-on-Avon Festival Company," Daphne told me. "I played Miranda to John's Ferdinand in 'The Tempest,' and that started it all."

A Londoner, Daphne won the coveted gold medal from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where she studied from the age of 16, and went

into her first professional engagement on a day she's never likely to forget—VE day.

She appeared in the film, "The Courteous of Curzon Street," and, in 1947, went to Stratford for her first season in Shakespeare.

John Harrison was a schoolmaster for several years before attending the Birmingham Repertory School, graduating from there to the famous Birmingham Repertory Company. He's played at Stratford for two seasons.

In contrast to Daphne's blondness is the dark hair and dark eyes of Dorothy Wheately, the other English feminine member of the company. She's appearing as Emilia in "Othello," and hopes later to play Lady Macbeth and perhaps Portia.

Dorothy gained her experience with repertory companies, and last September appeared at the Edinburgh Festival.

Australians in the company include Sheila Helmann, South Australian actress, who recently returned from 19 months' experience on the stage in England. She'll play Katharina in "The Taming of the Shrew," and is very thrilled about this role, her first in a Shakespearean play.

"I met Mr. McMaster when I was appearing in London with Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard in the Restoration comedy, 'The Relapse,' last July, and was approached then about coming back to play with his company," Sheila said.

Other Australians who have been selected to appear with the McMaster Players include radio artists Irene Harpur, of Sydney, who'll play Bianca in "The Shrew," Peter O'Shaughnessy and Frank Thring.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 26, 1949



VOLUNTEERS ENLARGE COUNTRY AIRSTRIP

Not content to wait for Government action, people of Narrabri, N.S.W., have made a volunteer community job of enlarging the town's landing ground to make it an all-weathers aerodrome for every type of aircraft flown here. A north-south strip of 4500ft. has been cleared, and this will be lengthened to 6000ft. to take Douglas. In spite of summer heat, it's been an all-in effort. Members of the Rotary Club are making the runway markers, and the town Buffalo Lodge has undertaken the fencing. Shire employees give Sunday morning to helping with the clearing. Property owners lend and operate tractors and power-saws to speed up the job.



SHIRE EMPLOYEES are among the volunteers who work on Sundays enlarging Narrabri airstrip. In this picture are Messrs. R. Eather, L. Druce, E. J. Browne, W. Dunmore, R. Wales, J. Brown, C. Cunningham.



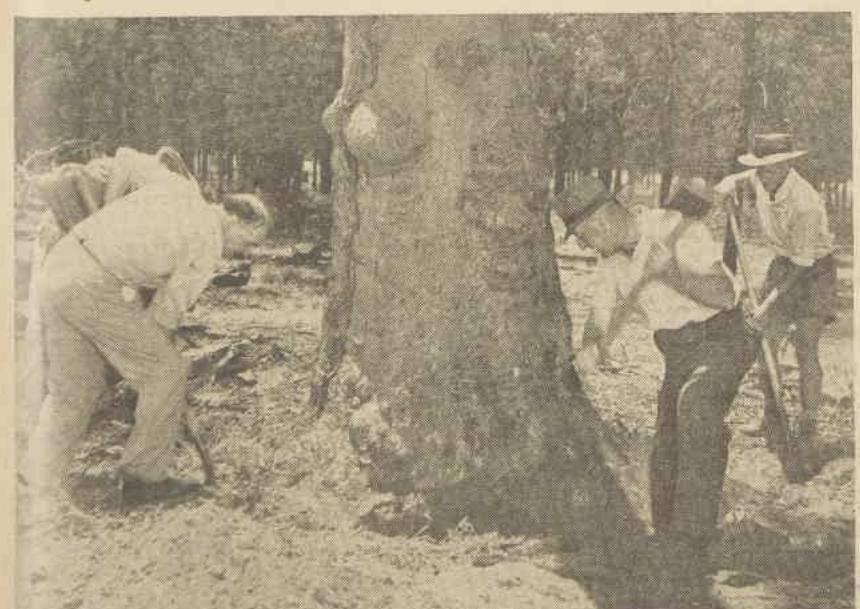
COLD BEER served to Mr. Denis Killen by Mrs. C. Kay, with tea-pot, and Mrs. Rooney. Cups of tea or cool drinks are appreciated by thirsty voluntary workers. As a result of the effort, it is hoped that the district will be provided soon with air transport service of bigger planes.



TRACTOR driven by Mr. W. B. S. Killen aids in clearing big logs from strip. Mr. P. Barrett assists by fixing chains to fallen timber.



POWER-SAW operated by Mr. Bob Pownell bites into trunk of big tree. Mr. J. Burns and Mr. D. Sky watch it being cut.



GRUBBING IS HOT WORK. Narrabri's Mayor, Ald. A. Gieson (left), and N.S.W. Bank manager F. J. Brownlow help other volunteers to grub roots to at least a foot below surface of strip.



BOILING THE BILLY. Constant supply of tea is welcomed by workers toiling in scorching sun as airstrip takes shape.

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W.L.S.W.W.B.



Friday's Child

Continued from page 23

ELYING the elegant Sir Montagu with dislike, Mr. Ringwood said tersely: "Sherry's a fool. Always was. George knew she wanted to go. George ain't a fool." He thought this over. "At least, not as big a fool as Sherry," he amended.

"You're as full as you can hold!" said Sherry furiously. "And George had no right to walk off like that! What's more, he shan't take my wife to Almack's, because I'll take her myself!"

Revesby caught his sleeve as he sprang up. "No, no, my dear fellow, you're too late now! Consider! George has been gone these twenty minutes, and more!"

"I shall go straight to Almack's and give him a set-down!" promised Sherry, a martial light in his eye.

Mr. Ringwood sat up. "You're not going to call George out, Sherry? Mind, now!"

"Who said anything about calling him out? Merely, if my wife goes to Almack's, I'm going to Almack's, too!"

"Really, Sherry, you are making a great to-do about nothing!" said Revesby gently. "There is no impropriety in it."

"Are you connecting my wife with impropriety?" said Sherry, whose pugnacity was fast reaching alarming proportions.

"Certainly not!" replied Revesby. "Such a notion never entered my head, my dear boy! I wish you will sit down and forget these crochets."

"Well, I won't!" Sherry returned. "I'm going to Almack's."

Mr. Ringwood groped for his quizzing-glass, and through it scrutinised his friend's person. "Not in pantaloons," he said. "Can't be done, Sherry."

The Viscount looked very much put out for a moment, but having taken a resolve he was not one easily to relinquish it. He said, with immense dignity, that he was going off home to change his dress, and stalked out of the Parlour before either Revesby or Ringwood could think of an answer.

When he reached Half Moon Street it was to hear from his butler that her ladyship had gone out with Lord Wrotham. Sherry said grudgingly that he knew all about that, and demanded his valet.

This gentleman was not immediately to be found, and by the time he had been fetched by a breathless page from the select tavern which he patronised in his leisure moments, the Viscount was in a worse temper than ever, and he had ruined no fewer than five neckcloths in some fumbling attempts to achieve the style he desired.

It was more than half an hour later when he was at last correctly attired for the Assembly, and five minutes after eleven when he arrived at Almack's.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate, for the rules laid down by Almack's despotic patronesses were not relaxed for anybody, and although the civility of Wills, who presided over the club, could scarcely have been exceeded, not all the Viscount's stormings or blandishments availed to get him beyond the portals.

He was obliged to return home, since he had no longer any desire to spend the night at Cribb's Parlour, and to while away the time in flicking over the pages of a library book, casting the dice, right hand against left, and brooding over his injuries.

Whatever he might do when among his cronies, he was not one who took pleasure in drinking alone, so that when Lord Wrotham brought his fair charge back to the house shortly before two o'clock, the door was opened to them by a sober, awesomely stiff young man, who bowed to his friend, thanked him in frigid terms for his kind offices, and expressed the hope—bleakly—that he and my lady had been tolerably well amused.

George, somewhat astonished by his reception, said that he had passed a charming evening, but the Viscount's punctilious manner was thrown away on Hero.

"Was it not kind of George to take me after all, Sherry?" she said vivaciously. "It was so pleasant, too! I wish you had been with us. Everyone was there tonight! Your Uncle Prosper came with the Coppers, and only fancy, Sherry! he complimented me on my gown, and he said I had an air of decided fashion!"

The Viscount assured her. "Anyway, it don't signify, only I wish I had

taken you, and I'm sorry, kitten. There!"

She took his outstretched hand and carried it to her cheek. "Oh, Sherry, how silly! I think you must be slightly disguised, to be offering me an apology over it all!"

"Sober as a judge!" the Viscount asserted. "I don't say I wasn't a trifle tipsy when I left Cribb's, but that's long since. Here, I've been waiting for you to come home these three hours, with nothing to do but read some dashed book or other!"

Hero found the thought of spending an evening at home with a book so drab that she broke into a peal of laughter, which was so infectious that his lordship was obliged to join in.

They went upstairs together in excellent accord, and when they parted outside Hero's door Sherry informed her that she was a good little puss, and that he had always had a fondness for her.

Hero might have enjoyed the evening, but it had not been one of unmixed pleasure for her escort, while for one other person it had been most annoying.

Miss Milborne, seeing the most ardent of her admirers enter the rooms with Hero on his arm, had suffered something in the nature of a shock. Never before had she seen George in attendance on any one other than herself!

When he came to Almack's it was to form one of her court; and when she did not dance with him he had a gratifying habit of leaning against the wall and watching her instead of soliciting some other damsel to dance with him.

Now, on the heels of the most elaborate quarrel they had had, here he was, looking perfectly cheerful, actually laughing at something Hero had said to him, his handsome head bent a little to catch her words.

The reflection that he was the second of her suitors to be flung from her by Hero could not but cross Miss Milborne's mind.

It was all very well to say that Sherry had married poor little Hero in a fit of pique; possibly he had done so, but anyone who believed that Sherry was eating his heart out for his first love would have had to have had less than common sense or a greater degree of conceit than Miss Milborne.

She waited for George to come across the room to her side, which he would surely do as soon as another man relieved him of the charge of Hero. But when Hero was led on to the floor by Marmaduke Fakenham, George strolled away to exchange greetings with a group of his friends.

Miss Milborne, too mortified to remember that she had refused to receive him when he had called to pay her a morning visit, could only suppose that his passion for her had burnt itself out, and immediately began to flirt with dashing Sir Barnabas Crawley.

Lord Wrotham, meanwhile, by a superhuman effort of will contrived to hold aloof from the Beauty, not indeed as his well-wishers hoped, from a resolve to be done with her, but in the hope that this change of treatment might induce her to look more kindly upon his suit.

He had not failed to perceive the effect his arrival with Hero had had upon Miss Milborne, and if it gave him a good deal of pain to see her subsequent passages with Sir Barnabas Crawley, at least he was shrewd enough to suspect that these were designed to make him jealous.

He finally left Almack's determined to make no sign for several days, and the next day he set about devising a romantic gesture which must melt a heart already thawing towards him.

Miss Milborne had told him once that violets were her favorite flowers, and he saw how he could put this knowledge to excellent account.

Miss Milborne should receive a posy of violets in an elegant holder upon the evening of Lady Fakenham's ball. With them there would be a card with a brief message written upon it. He was unable to decide between "Wear these for my sake" and "If you wear these to-night I shall know what to think," and he ended by carrying this problem to Hero.

To be continued

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SLIGHTLY DEARER IN
COUNTRY DISTRICTS



The Lady and the Strong Man

Continued from page 9

JUST then a woman came in for a dozen eggs and a pound of butter, and George went off to wait on her, and Wendy stood there by the potato bin and thought.

She thought about living with George and George's mother, and George's little sister, and somehow she felt very sad about it. Because after all a girl likes a family, but she doesn't want it already grown and waiting for her.

George gave the woman the eggs and the butter and her change and he came back.

"Would next month be too soon?" he said. "For us to be married?"

Wendy sighed then and shook her head at George, and she felt tears behind her eyeballs.

"I'm sorry, George," she said, "but I can't marry you. You are a wonderful person, George, but I guess I don't love you."

She felt a tear come out and slide down her cheek, for she remembered that George had a lot of nieces and nephews who might like to live in a house at the edge of town, too, and a man who can be easily imposed upon is not a strong man. More tears wet her cheeks.

"Why, Wendy," said George gently, and he looked at her kindly with his nice brown eyes, "you mustn't cry." And he offered her his clean white handkerchief, and even as she used it Wendy could see that he was going away to wait on a little girl who wanted a package of

chewing gum and a chocolate bar and an ice-cream cone.

Wendy cried a little harder, because, after all, when you tell a man you can't marry him, it is too bad that he doesn't even take a little time to be unhappy about it, but goes on about his business as if nothing had happened.

So Wendy turned then and taking George's handkerchief with her went out of the store into the sunshine again. And she could see by the big clock over the jeweller's window that she was going to be late to work at Thompson and Williams Real Estate Agency, where she was a stenographer, if she didn't hurry, and so she wiped her eyes good and blew her nose hard for the last time, and hurried.

And even though she passed the sweet little pink dress with the velvet jacket again, she didn't even stop to look at it.

But it didn't matter after all that she was late, for Andrew, who was her boss and a partner in Thompson and Williams, was talking on the telephone in the inner office, and so Wendy slipped quickly into her chair by her desk in the little outer office and picked up her notebook and looked busy.

And pretty soon Andrew put down the telephone—she could see him with his neatly combed hair and his

neatly polished spectacles through the open door—and he came out to her desk.

"Good morning, Wendy," he said, but his eyes through his polished spectacles said, "You are young and beautiful and exciting and I would like to kiss you."

Wendy blushed and looked down at the notebook she had picked up and said, "Good morning, Mr. Thompson—Andrew." For Andrew had asked her to call him Andrew, except, of course, when Mr. Williams was around—or the other girls—of some clients.

"My sweetheart looks good enough to eat this morning," he said, and he came on around the desk and took her hand, but he stood so that anybody who might come in would think that he was just standing there, maybe talking about business.

Wendy could feel herself blushing again and she wondered if maybe this then was real love, and that Andrew was the right man, for somehow she never blushed at all when Charlie called her "baby" or George called her "darling."

"I can't keep our luncheon engagement after all," Andrew said and his voice sounded low and intimate. "It's the Joneses. I think maybe I can unload the old Baxter place on them for three times what I paid, if I take them out to lunch and put on the pressure."

Please turn to page 29

The Lady and the Strong Man

Continued from page 28

WENDY smiled at him uncertainly, and noticed his nice red silk necktie and his pretty matching handkerchief, for Andrew was an Up and Coming Young Man and was Getting Ahead in the World.

"But it is an awfully old place," said Wendy timidly. "With leaky roof and a damp basement and walls that are crumbling."

"Just so," said Andrew, and he smiled at her warmly. "But that is the way of the world. People expect to be hooked. There's one born every minute."

"Yes," said Wendy doubtfully. "I mean, yes, Andrew," but she felt a little troubled somehow, even when Andrew sat down on the corner of her desk and lighted a cigarette and the diamond ring he wore—a very modest diamond, but a very good one, and real—winked at Wendy.

"And if Old Man Jones falls for the dump, sweetie," said Andrew, and he leaned over and pressed Wendy's knee under her pretty dress. "Then you know what! There's an awfully pretty apartment waiting for a young couple in the Alston Hotel."

Wendy opened her mouth to smile, for the Alston Apartment Hotel was a very beautiful hotel, and had real tapestry on the walls and satin covers for the beds and maids to do all the work.

How would my little sweetheart like that?" said Andrew, and he smiled, but Wendy felt confused and a little worried, for somehow she could not feel happy and excited the way she should.

I don't know, Andrew," she said, and she looked down at her notebook and frowned and then up at Andrew again a little apologetically.

What do you mean you don't

know?" said Andrew, and he put out his cigarette on the side of Wendy's tin wastebasket, and stood up, and his eyes no longer gave her compliments. "What do you mean you don't know? Haven't you accepted candy from me, and flowers and lunches, and let me make a fool of myself in front of the whole office? What do you mean you don't know?"

"I mean, I was wrong," said Wendy, in a low voice. "I mean, I didn't know then, Andrew, but I do now. I mean I find I can't marry you."

"Marry me!" said Andrew, and he stood up as tall as he could, although he was not really very tall. "Who said anything about marriage? I'm afraid you are mistaken, Miss Wilson, if you think I have proposed to you. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure that I need your services as a stenographer any longer."

Wendy felt weak inside, and she looked up at Andrew pleadingly, for Wendy felt that as long as she lived at home she should help her father and mother with expenses.

"Haven't I been a good stenographer?" she said. "Haven't I done everything you wanted me to do?"

But Andrew looked very cold and firm. "I'm sorry," he said briefly, "but it has become necessary to cut down on a few of the office personnel. Miss Morrison can take over our work."

"Yes, Mr. Thompson," said Wendy softly, and she looked at the typewriter that she had got so fond of, and the notebook and the little blue desk-pad.

Dolly Morrison would be very glad to take over Wendy's work. Dolly Morrison was a blonde who would think nothing at all of spending a whole month's salary on a pretty pink dress with a black velvet jacket, and who would say yes to whatever Andrew suggested—even to unloading the old Baxter place on the nice Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"You may, of course," said Andrew coldly, "have the customary two weeks' salary. And finish your day's work." And he went out of the office walking with a firm step and closing the door hard.

For a while Wendy sat at her desk and felt numb, and then she looked at all the letters she had to type, and she started working furiously, for she was determined that she would finish her work as fast as she could and not see Andrew any more.

And so when noon came, and there was a timid knock on the outside door and it was the nice Mr. and Mrs. Jones, standing apologetically and smiling at the door and saying that they had come to meet Mr. Thompson for lunch, Wendy had not yet finished her typing.

"Do come in," Wendy heard herself saying, and she was very cool and collected, just the way good stenographers are supposed to be. "Mr. Thompson is expecting you. I'll call him."

And then she almost shocked herself, for she went on to say, "I do hope that you are not thinking seriously of buying the Baxter place, Mr. Jones, for it is really a very bad buy. It looks nice, of course, but that is only because of the new paint and the wallpaper. In bad weather it leaks, and the foundation is cracking. It is not worth one-third the money Mr. Thompson is asking, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones looked surprised. "Why, thank you, my dear," he said. "I'm glad you told me." And before he could say anything more, Wendy opened the door to Andrew's office, and he was sitting at his desk talking cosily with Dolly Morrison, who was smiling back cosily.

"The Joneses are here," said Wendy, and she closed the door and went back to her typing.

And when Andrew came out and went away with the Joneses, Wendy sat on and typed letters. She typed all through the lunch hour, until almost two o'clock.

Then, as she was through, and Andrew might be coming back at any moment to say that he was angry with her because the Joneses were not buying the Baxter place, she took her brown patent leather purse and her box of powder and her lipstick from the bottom drawer of her desk and went downstairs to the

washroom and lay down on the couch and cried.

She cried very hard. She cried until her eyes were swollen and her pretty dress was crumpled, and finally she just lay there weak and tired. For now she didn't know what to do. For now she had no prospects of a husband at all, and not even a job. And, although her mother and father would be very understanding and sympathetic, it would not be much help, for when you are 20 years old and a grown adult woman as Wendy was, you must live your own life, by yourself.

By five o'clock Wendy had cried all the tears she could, and she got up from the couch and washed her face and smoothed out her dress and knew that she would have to go home and tell her father and mother. Lightly, of course, so that they would not see how hurt she was, nor how her whole life had fallen to pieces in one day.

After she had powdered her face and combed her pretty hair she felt better and went outside into the afternoon sunshine. But everybody else on the street looked unusually happy and cheerful to Wendy, as if they were all engaged to be married and had the most wonderful jobs in the world, and she felt lonely again and discouraged, and she found there were a few more tears left in her eyes that she didn't know she had.

She wished she knew somebody who could help her. She thought about Charlie, and George, and Andrew. And how Charlie had been disappointed and didn't want to go on living; and how Andrew had been disappointed and wanted to hurt people; and how George had been disappointed and it hadn't even seemed to bother him.

I'll go by the store, Wendy thought. After all, I ought to return George's handkerchief, and while I'm there I'll ask him how a person can be disappointed and go on as if nothing had happened.

And then Wendy felt a little better and wiped away the last of the tears, for even if she didn't love George, maybe he could help her.

And sure enough, there was George in the store, very busily helping a man decide whether he wanted a nice two-pound dressed chicken or a nice three-pound dressed chicken, and George looked just as pleasant and interested in life as he had that morning.

Wendy went over by the potato bin and stood and waited for him to finish talking to the man about the chickens.

"Why, hel-lo, Wendy!" George said when he had finished and he came over to her and looked at her with his nice brown eyes. "You've been crying," he said gently, for George was a very discerning man, and understood many things besides chickens and cabbages. "What is the matter, Wendy?"

Wendy looked down at the potato bin and then up at George. "I want to know," she said in a low voice, "how a person can be disappointed and go on living, George. I have lost my job."

"Oh," said George, and he smiled at her and drew her away from the potato bin and over to the basket of big red apples. "Why, that, Wendy, is easy. It comes from being strong. And that comes from getting up when you fall down. It's like making steel, I guess. Every time it is put into the fire and pounded, it gets harder—until finally it is something shining and flexible and strong."

"Oh," said Wendy, and she looked at George with new eyes, and she saw that there were many fine little wrinkles about his mouth from where he had laughed with people.

"But sometimes it isn't easy," Wendy said to George, and he smiled at her again, a little sadly. "Because sometimes there are things we want that seem more important than life itself. But we discover that we can do without them if we have to, and life is still good."

"Oh," said Wendy, and she widened her eyes, for she saw that George was telling her that she was the most important thing in his life, but even if he couldn't have her, he would still go on and make a good life.



"So if you really want another job, Wendy," he said gently. "I expect you will find one. For you are a good worker, and an honest girl, and people will see that."

"Why, yes, George," said Wendy, and she smiled at him, for suddenly she felt very wonderful. She felt warm and safe and happy, for she saw now that George had a loving heart and was a very strong man.

And then a woman and a little girl came up to them, and the woman said, "Why, hello, dear, it's nice to see you again" and the little girl said, "What a pretty dress, Wendy." And Wendy smiled and said, "Hello," to George's mother, and "Thank you, Betsy," to George's little sister, and she saw that she loved them very much, for the more

people you love, the more love you have to give.

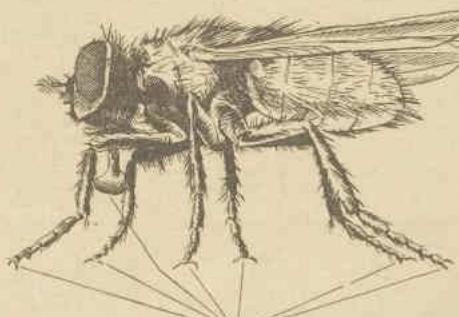
It's like a house, Wendy thought—the more windows you have in it and the more you can look out on the world, the more sunshine comes in to you.

"My my," said George's mother, and she smiled at Wendy standing there by the basket of big red apples. "I bet something nice has happened to you. You look like the happiest girl in town, Wendy."

And Wendy looked at George's mother and his little sister Betsy, and then at George, and she smiled at him lovingly.

"Yes," she said, "I am." For she knew then that she was going to marry George and live happily ever after.

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Hard Luck Sailor

Continued from page 7

HE instant they were waterborne he gave the order for the skeleton crews to embark. But then he saw the vast, forward-tilted side of the Eastern Banker beginning to swing faster. There wouldn't be time to man the boats, out oars, and pull clear.

The Craighill's deck now had an unmistakable list itself; water and air were close to freezing. Without lifeboats, if the Craighill went down and carried the barely floating Eastern Banker with her, none of her forty men would live much past daylight.

Captain Holm's voice came harshly from the bridge: "Stay embarking, Mr. Rawson. Take the stern fasts from where you are and tow the boats all the way ast. Bear a hand with it."

In that way the falling away of the quarter plates should save the boats from being crushed when the ships came rail to rail. But the falls, without patent releasing gear, must be cast off from the boats by hand. They lay bow to stern in the dark water far below — one man could cast off all four blocks. But where was that man?

As Rawson automatically stepped forward a second fall from the bridge stopped him.

"Send a man down, Mr. Rawson. You're there to give the orders. Send an A.B."

The mate held his voice away from desperation. "Burwell, slide down those after falls and let go all the boat blocks. Hold on with your arms and legs or you'll burn your hands so you can't do anything."

Surely no A.B. except Sloppy would have to be reminded of that.

The gangling seaman made the trip somehow down the slack boat falls. A moment later he hauled the deck plaintively,

"Can't get the shackles loose, sir. Somebody lower me a spike."

"You've got one down there," Rawson bawled. "Under the after thwart. Don't you know anything about lifeboats?"

The after block of the after boat hung free at last. Sloppy fumbled his spike, bent to pick it up from the bottom boards. As he straightened an upward swing of the boat smacked his forehead full against an iron-bound, triple-sheaved boat block. He dropped, lay curled between the thwarts, once more done with responsibility.

Mark Rawson was on his way down the falls before any restraining order could reach him.

As he landed he saw the boats were past saving. The huge steel cutterhook had all but closed. Sloppy stirred, exhaled noisily, and sat up. A coil of line, dropped from far above, slapped the planking beside him. As he staggered to his feet, Rawson, in what seemed the single flame of a blow in the eye, saw the bowline which should have been ready in the end of the line was missing.

"How's your swimming?" the mate snapped.

"Fair," Sloppy said. Then, "Not so good."

"Grab my belt, then. When I dive, dive with me. We're getting out of this—under the Craighill."

Their plunge did not carry far, but he was swimming clear again. Sloppy caught his former hold on the mate's belt, leaving his arms and legs free.

Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen strokes.

Eighteen, nineteen . . .

The twenty strokes were counted before suffocation had more than begun. The two men shot half their length out of the sea. With his third breath Rawson began volleying yells for help.

A man's silhouette popped up at the rail of the ship. "I got you, sir. Here comes a life ring."

Hanging, with Sloppy, to the tranquilly floating buoy, Rawson took a quick look at the Craighill. She was listing and settling steadily. In haste to get back into the right to save her he paddled close alongside, peered upward impatiently for a ladder or cargo-net to be lowered

JUST beyond the black, rust-streaked plates, almost in reach of his hand, lay number three hold, the dagger in the Craighill's back. If it were not for the cargo inside concealing the location of that lead the game could still be won. A search from outside would be a ridiculously long shot; but here was a chance to make one.

Gaspings with exhaustion in the icy water, Rawson saw that Sloppy had a fingerhold on the ship.

"What are you doing?" the mate panted. "Hanging on?" by the rivet heads again?

"Uh-uh." Sloppy answered as casually as he could with rattling teeth. "Got the ends of my fingers in a row of holes where the rivets all come out."

"What?" the mate bellowed. "Let me get there."

With the life ring swung in, he stared at the ship's side in the glow from the self-igniting light of the buoy. Three rows of rivets were missing from a joining of plates at the waterline.

The easy heave of a swell broke Sloppy's hold and showed more empty rivet holes extending downward. The plates must have been strained by the storm, then twisted

apart by some far-carried sequence of shocks in the collision.

A pilot ladder clattered a little way forward and Rawson hauled the deck loudly.

"Shift that ladder ast right to me. I want to mark this place."

Back on board he raced dripping for the bridge.

For ten seconds he made his new report. Then for two hours the whole ship's company crashed into stunning labor. A tarpaulin collision mat, hauled down over the outside of the leak, was forced and held against it by the water.

But that could be done only after many tons of cargo had been shifted out of the way, shifted almost entirely by hand. Soft grey daylight was complete when the sounding well showed for the first time that the pumps were gushing everywhere.

Only then did the chief mate take time to strip in his quarters, rub down, dab iodine, and put on dry clothes. The ship and the lives of her crew were out of imminent danger. Queer that he should have saved his neck and his chance for command by a move which had looked like putting his seaman's duty blindly above everything else.

On deck he found Captain Holm with the second and third mates at the port side, the Eastern Banker hoisting above their heads.

"We'll make it now," the Captain greeted him. "We've got fenders down and Sparks has cancelled our SOS. Nobody near us anyway. That makes it a good thing you went overboard."

"Hard to locate the second leak otherwise," Rawson agreed. "But I'd never have thought of looking for it that way and—"

He lost these words, staring at the derelict. "That ship's not riding any lower, sir. Has anybody been on board her yet?"

"No. Why? Do you want to go?"

"I do. If I can take the first assistant with me."

In twenty minutes the mate and engineer were back.

"If we'd gone down we'd have pulled her with us," Rawson declared. "But now a couple of hours with the torch will free her, and she'll just barely float by herself. We can salvage her."

The Captain nodded. "We're only six hundred miles from Belfast. Could she make it?"

RAWSON was

confident. "Yes, sir. She had her number one hatch stove in by the storm. Forehold filled, and it must have looked as if the bulkhead between it and number two would give way any minute. That would have sent her down too fast to launch boats. So her master abandoned her, and I guess the boats had to run before the gale. It was just assumed that she sank."

"But the bulkhead held after all?"

"Right, sir. It'll keep on holding."

"We'll make Belfast inside a week," the captain said slowly. "Both of us. You take command of her, Mr. Rawson. It's time you tried your hand if you're going to have the Taneyhill next trip."

As he prepared to lead a small picked crew aboard the Eastern Banker, Mark Rawson found that from some hidden resource he could still produce a sense of wonder. This business meant a small fortune to him as well as permanent command. Salvage money was split in various ways, but a chief officer's share would be enough for anything he or Marion was likely to think of.

One of the strangest things about it was the decisive part which Sloppy, who cared nothing about women, had played in it.

As he left his room with sea bag and suitcase, the newly rated captain almost ran over Sloppy himself, waiting in the saloon.

"Want to thank you, sir," the seaman said awkwardly and unexpectedly, "for pulling me out of that lifeboat. It would have been bad if you hadn't."

"Could have been, all right."

"I don't mean on account of me," Sloppy explained. "The thing is—I never mentioned it around, but I had money when I was a young chap. Went through it so fast, the lawyer made me put what was left into an annuity I couldn't get rid of no way. So when I found my wife still wasn't ever going to understand me, I just handed the income over to her and headed for the sea."

He turned his head and gazed through a forward square port. "I like the sea okay. All I have to do is stay alive to keep my wife sitting pretty."

After a full minute Mark Rawson gave up trying to think of any answer. Silently he extended his right hand, and Sloppy, looking almost unbewildered, gripped it.

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PURE VELVET SOAP

The tiny tots always insist on Velvet to wash their doll's clothes, too.

asks Aunt Jenny

"Velvet is all the wonderful things Mrs. Cremer says about it, ladies," declares Aunt Jenny. "And here's the reason her clothes last longer, stay stronger."

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS — seen under a magnifying glass — look frayed and worn out because they've been hard rubbed. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weave.

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SUDS — seen under a magnifying glass — stay strong as new year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds.

V.145.6SWW



Mrs. Cremer wraps baby Christine in a spotless Velvet washed towel.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored
pearls. On board the yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. Latest clue sends them
through the dreaded Burning Waters to an
island ringed by fire. Pearls lie like pebbles
on the beach. Exploring the island, the party

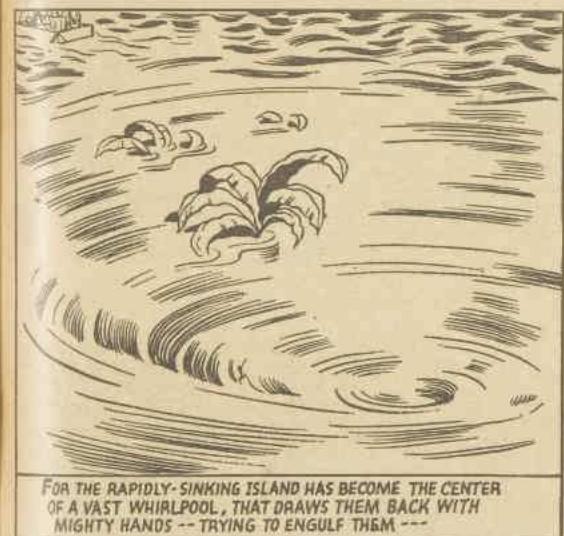
finds a huge idol studded with pearls, which
Mandrake suggests is a safety valve. Barton
topples the earth, a jet of steam shoots forth,
the earth shakes, the island begins to sink
into the sea. Fighting their way to the beach
and the speedboat, they are almost neck deep
in sea water, which swirls around them.
NOW READ ON:



THEY FINALLY REACH THEIR MOTORBOAT--
ON WHAT HAD FORMERLY BEEN THE PEARL
BEACH. AND NONE TOO SOON -- FOR THE IN-COMING
WAVES ARE SWEEPING HIGHER BY THE MINUTE!



OFF THEY GO -- THE STURDY CRAFT FIGHTING AGAINST THE STRONG
IN-COMING CURRENTS THAT THREATEN TO CARRY THEM BACK TO
THE DOOMED ISLAND --



FOR THE RAPIDLY-SINKING ISLAND HAS BECOME THE CENTER
OF A VAST WHIRLPOOL, THAT DRAWS THEM BACK WITH
MIGHTY HANDS -- TRYING TO ENGULF THEM --

BARTON IS ALL FOR TURNING BACK, IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING! "TOO
LATE NOW, THOSE PEARLS ARE GONE FOREVER," SAYS MANDRAKE.
"LOOK!" CRIES BETTY. AHEAD IS THE WALL OF FLAME -- MOVING
TOWARDS THEM, SPREADING -- DRAWN TOWARDS THE WHIRLPOOL
BEHIND THEM!



MANDRAKE DRIVES THE MOTORBOAT,
PROTECTED BY THE METAL COVERS,
THROUGH THE WALL OF FLAME -- FOR
A MOMENT -- IT'S TOUCH AND GO --
AS THE WHIRLPOOL OF THE SINKING
ISLAND TRIES TO DRAW THEM BACK.



TO BE CONTINUED

News from the studios

By cable from
LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

I PREDICT that the song "Buttons and Bows," which Bob Hope sang to Jane Russell in "The Paleface," will get an Oscar as the year's best song.

It has affected spring and summer fashions, and the new Hollywood dresses are featuring buttons and bows to emphasise their 1949 femininity.

BING CROSBY'S golf tournament, which made a profit of \$30,000 dollars, will benefit the Sister Kenny Foundation, as half the proceeds will be donated to the Foundation.

THE NELSON EDDYS celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary last week with a ten-course dinner attended by ten guests.

Mrs. Eddy even wore a ten-year-old gown for the occasion.

BOUNDING Betty Hutton has joined the flock of Hollywood stars who are wearing the new short haircut.

Betty recently had her blonde hair clipped to her ear-lobes for her role of an ambitious Broadway newcomer in Paramount's "Red, Hot, and Blue."

VIRGINIA Mayo and her husband, Michael O'Shea, have invested some of their film earnings in a 1900-acre ranch in California's San Fernando Valley. They already own a ranch in Arizona.

MICKEY BOONEY is trying to end his five-year association with his business manager, Sam Stiebel, because he is said to be dissatisfied with the amount of money he's been making out of the Rooney Stiebel Corporation and Samick Inc. Mickey is looking around for another outlet for his independent pictures, and has retired from a deal to make "Quicksand" for United Artists.

TERESA WRIGHT recently broke her £3500 a week contract with Samuel Goldwyn, but one member of the family is still working. Her husband, author Niven Busch, has filed incorporation papers for a movie production company. Busch was unhappy over the way his novel, "Duel in the Sun" turned out in the Selznick film, so this time he is taking no chances; he's going to produce his own original screenplay, "Daybreak."

RODDY McDOWALL, who saw his share of horses in Fox's "My Friend Flicka" and "Thunderhead, Son of Flicka," is at it again. Producer Lindley Parsons, of Monogram, has bought Roddy another horse story, "Thunder the Great," which begins in March. This puts it ahead of the previously announced "Types," the Herman Melville classic which will be shot in the South Seas after the hurricane season. Roddy, who has outgrown boyish roles, will be associate producer on both films.

CLIFTON WEBB, who was so successful as Lyn Belvedere, the baby sitter in "Sitting Pretty," has turned out even funnier if possible in "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College."

To keep him from being typed, Darryl Zanuck has set him for a murder melodrama called "Mr. Nolan."

Emily Glass wrote it specially for Webb, who'll play a murderer. Sam Engel will produce the film when Webb returns from Europe.

GAR MOORE, star of Roberto Rossellini's Italian hit, "Paisan," gets a feature part in Abbott and Costello's "Meet the Killers," for Universal.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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Nature film in color planned by Disney

Cartoons supplemented by new type of films

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

An encouraging sign of the film industry's search for original ideas comes with Walt Disney's announcement of his newest project.

He is preparing a series of short features in technicolor called "True Life Adventures." They will deal with fact instead of fantasy.

FIRST of "True Life Adventures" will be "Seal Island," which already has been made.

It depicts in surprising detail and close-up the fascinating life cycle of the Alaska fur seal herd on the remote Pribilof Reefs in the Bering Sea.

Keyed to entertainment, the spectacular and unique material already being edited will be distinctively Disney in character, even when the topic is entirely a camera record of human and wild life far off the beaten track.

Many of the topics will be done in the traditional Disney cartoon animation medium, but there also will be much live action, unstaged and unrehearsed, gathered from all parts of the world.

Spectacular nature study series will provide only half the story of "True Life Adventures."

Equally important both as information and entertainment will be Disney's ventures into the world of the invisible and the inaudible, such as the functioning of man's mind.

Second of the "True Life" series probably will be "An Adventure in Nature," which will embrace other wilderness life already recorded in the Far North—the spawning run

of the salmon, the pairing and nesting of wild geese, beaver in their forest retreat, and other creatures seldom seen even in zoos.

Already depicted in part, too, is the mysterious life of the honey bee, with its matriarchal society.

On the assignment list, also, are animal subjects and obscure natural wonders in other continents and islands of the Pacific.

"It all adds up—the things we are doing with this series gathered from all ends of the earth—to man's interests in himself and his own behaviour as reflected in the behaviour of his fellow animals," said Disney recently.

"Man is an animal as well as a creature with a soul, and he has many things in common with his lesser brothers."

"In fact, he is the funniest, the most helpless, and the most pathetic of all the animals."

"It is from this viewpoint that I have contrived all the comedy and blunderous behaviour of my animal characters and fables, such as the actions of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck in our feature fantasies."

"The fundamental kinship between man and animals will provide much of the comedy we will get in our 'True Life Adventures.'

"In fiction and fantasy these com-



CAMERA DEBUT for Susan Andrews, the baby daughter of Dana and Mary Andrews. Included in the group are Kathy (5) and Sterlie (3). Eldest of the family is David, who is at boarding-school. The children's father soon will be seen in his newest film, a romantic comedy, "No Minor Vices" (an M.G.M. release), in which his co-stars are Lilli Palmer and Louis Jourdan.

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★★ Rachel and the Stranger

RELUCTANCE of the producer to decide whether "Rachel and the Stranger" is a romantic comedy or a drama makes the film slightly confusing.

Loretta Young, Robert Mitchum, and William Holden head the cast, and I don't think any of them take the plot seriously, even when it comes to a slap-up attack by Indians with arrows and firesticks dropping all over the place.

I enjoyed the film because of its beautiful scenic backgrounds, photographed to perfection by Maury Gertzman, and the easy performances of Miss Young, Mitchum, and an uninhibited small boy called Gary Gray.

The plot starts off on a dramatic note, with a frontiersman, "Big Davey" (Holden), mourning the death of his young wife.

Realising the need for the feminine touch in his home, he marries a boudoir woman, Loretta Young.

Then he and his young son (Gary Gray) proceed to treat the poor girl as if a bondsman was something less than a Roman slave, instead of a woman who has temporarily signed away her freedom to meet family debts.

It takes the arrival of fur-trapper wanderer Jim Fairways (Mitchum) to stir things up and give Rachel a chance to show Big Davey and Little Davey the error of their ways.

Comedy is the theme for most of the scenes after the marriage of Big Davey and Rachel, and the fight between Davey and Jim is pure slapstick.

Then comes the Indian attack in all its fury, but the only victims are the Shawnees, and there is a happy ending for everyone except Mitchum, who wanders off with his horse and his guitar to pastures new.

The R.K.O. film is at the Esquire.

★★ The Mating of Millie

ANY picture which makes a noveletish plot into amusing, healthy nonsense is welcome.

To the film critic whose daily routine takes in the roaring Western, the psychiatric drama, the mystery thriller, the slapsick comedy, and the extravagant technicolor musical, deftly handled romantic comedy comes like a breath of fresh air.

Both topped the poll for 1947, but do not qualify for the current award as neither had a film released between the required dates.

Mills has started off well for 1949, with "Scout of the Antarctic" and "Mr. Peely," but Margaret received little praise for "Look Before You Love."

Briefly, the story concerns a bachelor business girl who knows how to handle office figures, but has no wolves waiting outside.

Attracted to a small orphan boy, she tries to adopt him, but her status as a spinster makes her ineligible.

A husband in a hurry is her plan, and from there on the cast, under the firm direction of Henry Levin, take the story to its expected conclusion.

I had not previously realised the comedy talent of Evelyn Keyes, and certainly had no idea that Glenn Ford would match it.

Ron Randell, looking older than he did in Sydney, is one of the disappointed suitors who discover too late that Millie is a glamour girl.

By the time that Millie is mated and has her ready-made family safely in her care, everyone in the audience has had a good time, from granny to the teen-agers.

The film is at the State.

★★ Cry of the City

BETWEEN them, Victor Mature and Richard Conte hammer home the moral that "crime doesn't pay" in an interesting cops-and-robbers opus from Fox.

The suggestion that environment cannot be blamed for lapses into anti-social behaviour is put forward with conviction.

Mature and Conte play New York-born Italians. Both are from honest families who struggle against poverty.

Mature becomes a police detective and Conte a criminal, and the story deals with the patient hunt by Mature to trap Conte once he has become a killer (twice) and a jail-breaker.

Robert Siodmak is well known for his ability to give dynamic direction to his players and to maintain suspense.

I recall two instances in this film. The gaol hospital escape by Conte and the car drive when an unhealed refugee doctor attends to Conte's gun wounds, while one of Conte's still friends drives them round the crowded streets.

Conte is the perfect egoist who generates visibly to a cold-blooded killer with no regrets.

Mature gives the necessary understanding to make his detective role believable.

The finale is true to type, though it is beginning to get ragged round the edges. Mature and Conte shoot it out on a footpath outside a church.

Spinkled throughout the tough story are a number of first-class character sketches. Betty Garde gives one of them as a hospital nurse who helps Conte against better judgment. Hope Emerson provides another as a hefty criminal who is a masseuse in her spare time.

The film is at the New Palace.

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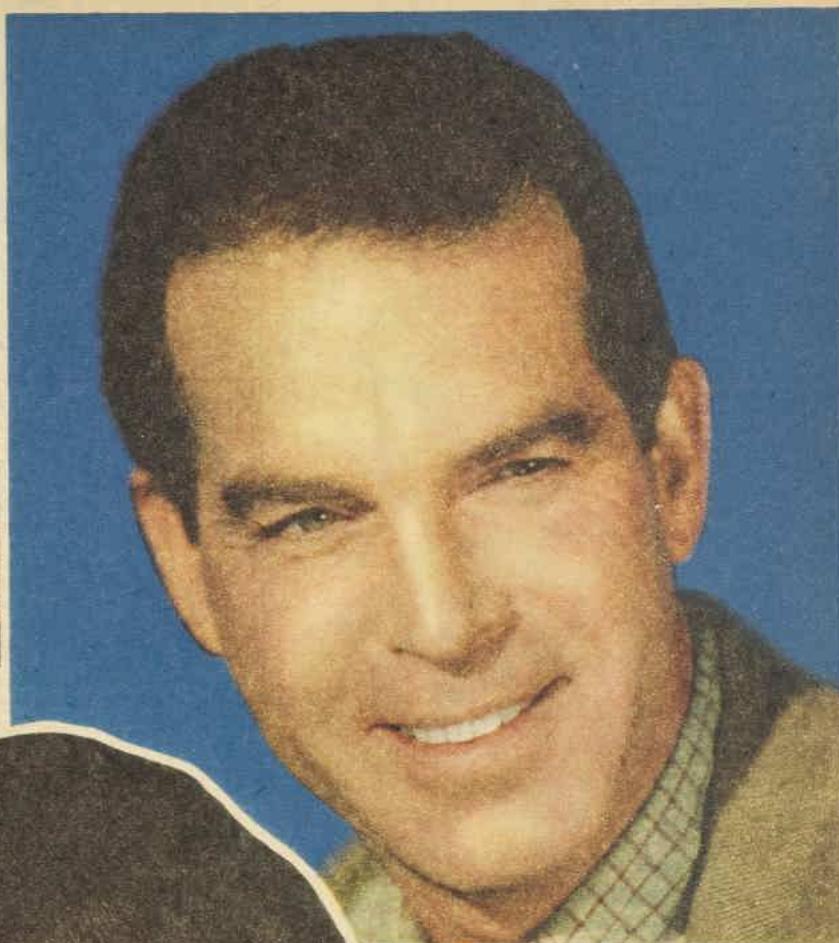
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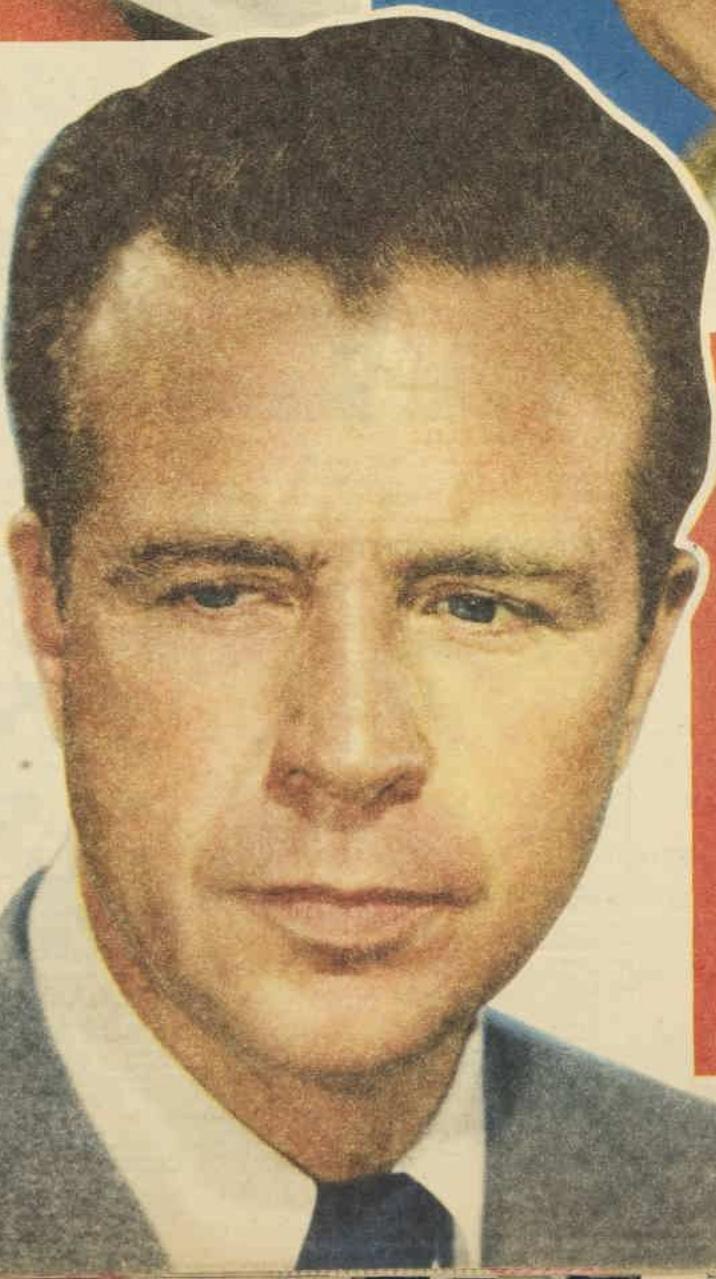
DRAMA AND COMEDY STARS



ELEANOR PARKER (Warners), star of the romantic comedy "The Voice of the Turtle," which is currently showing in Australia. For the role of Sally Middleton Eleanor adopted a haircut with a deep fringe.



FRED MACMURRAY (Universal International) has been listed for several years as one of the highest-paid stars in Hollywood. He has played in many films, from thriller dramas to crazy comedies. Showing in Australia is "Family Honeymoon," in which he co-stars with Claudette Colbert.



DICK POWELL (Universal International) now is better known for his thriller films than he previously was as a musical comedy star. His next picture is "Rogues' Regiment," which is set in Indo-China.



ANN SHERIDAN (Warners) has the co-starring role with Errol Flynn in "Silver River," a drama of pioneer days silver-mining. The film is the last one made for Warners by Ann, who has recently been working in England.

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MF. 43-12



1 REUNION after war service between disabled, lame Murray Byrne (James Donald) and his wife Eleanor (Valerie Hobson) is unhappy. As they return home Eleanor says she wants a divorce.

2 RESCUE by Byrnes of man injured in car accident brings trouble, as man proves to be a criminal named Boke (Harold Keel), urgently wanted by police.

THE SMALL VOICE . . .

DESCRIBED by London critics as an excellent human-interest story, "The Small Voice" was adapted for London Films from the novel by Robert Westerby. It stars Valerie Hobson and James Donald.

American actor Harold Keel made a good impression in the role of a gangster. He played the romantic lead in the London production of the stage musical success "Oklahoma!" and was later offered film work. He closely resembles James Mason.



3 EXTRA VISITOR to Byrnes' house is small girl Jenny (Angela Foulds), whose parents were killed in same smash.

4 PRISONERS in their own house because of Boke's threats to kill them if they call police, Byrnes plan rescue.



5 TELEPHONE CALL by Byrne to doctor on behalf of Jenny's brother, who has become ill, is intercepted by Boke, who threatens to shoot the child whose crying is affecting nerves of criminal.

6 SEIZING GUN from Boke before he has time to harm sick child, Eleanor telephones police while Murray captures Boke. Adventures result in Byrnes' reunion.

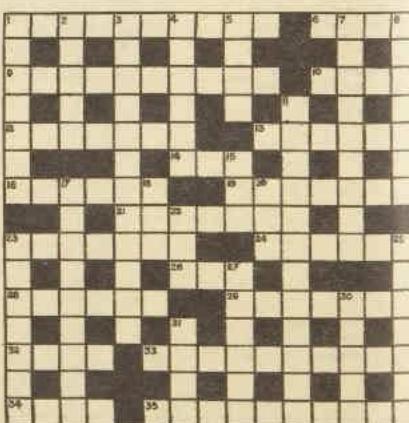
CROSSWORD CONTEST NO. 30

ACROSS

- Novel result that follows for ever in to maintain a grasp when climbing with difficulty (10).
- It's saucy, mom... give it back and you'll get a sovereign (4).
- Agitated scaler up to find he takes risks with his capital? (10).
- How all manner of yarns may be twisted (4).
- A little (anag.) (7).
- Intimate sit up in with a devil (6).
- This is not the way to live (3).
- Indoor cot ought to be re-made when he appears (8).
- Sounded the bell taking in a spirit for placing in a row (7).
- This Russian tumbling fool is taken in by a rooster (7).
- Void space, etc. See it is not finally seen so that it will make you warm (7).
- Taxes we do not pay may start a mouse but could follow Tom before he's nipped (10).
- Yes, it's old (3).
- II passionately fond, can you put a dog outside? (6).
- How to admonish a curt or unkind master? (7).
- Possesses (4).
- The type of subject you might expect to hear before a sermon in Britain (6).
- Adolescent Nature's youngsters (4).
- To take counsel of Delibes appears to be singular value if it is fully considered (10).

DOWN

- This is what ruminants chew outside. Rata, you've made it up, I hope! (7).
- Naturally he gets a companion being such a vulgar, well-bred man! (5).
- Liberally woman gets a mischievous mood to see a royalty (12).
- Rambled to have one with me in a bar (6).
- No no! Get up this second; you're not fit to be seen (4).
- Hen lisper (anag.) (9).
- The shameful expression of a gay young spark when you start to dangle him? (7).
- The man who built his temple when open, to make angry (12).
- The period when a patern does not contain a small number smaller (3).
- Virtuous Teddy obviously is refined (9).
- Small deer (3).
- One of the deeds of the Government (3).
- He gets great pleasure (3).
- Where you sleep on a stone bottom (5).
- Royal staff (7).
- Students of a university take mineral salt in turn (6).
- A mule mingled in the body of Moslem divines (5).
- guides a man concerning the place for the solution (4).
- Erst, Es, and Ez will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 30 and address "Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408EW, Sydney, N.S.W." Please close March 4, prizes and solution in issue of March 26.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 28

ACROSS: 1—Neigh-be-wring. 9—Ag-hast. 10—Dirful (anagram). 12—L-rib (anagram). 13—Jew. 14—Peril. 17—Negl-gent (anagram). 18—Cadet. 20—Fudge. 22—Middle age (age is in the middle of staggers). 24—Cafe. 25—Grave. 27—Tash. 30—Numerical. 31—Sac-red. 33—Caravans-era.

DOWN: 3—In-going (spell in going). 3—Hoax. 4—Off-ten.

5—Redoubt. 6—Sign-if-i-can-ce (chance without Chan). 8—Off-end.

10—Nines. 16—S/c/vill.

18—Emeralda (anag.). 21—Def-a-me. 23—A-mate-u-r.

26—V-id-a. 28—Arts. 29—Ac-a.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 28: 1—Mrs. A. S. D'Emden, 49 Grene St., Leura, N.S.W. 2—Dr. C. Kierman, 3 Richardson St., West Perth, W.A. 3—Mrs. H. Webster, 15 Toorak Avenue, Toorak, S.E.Z., Vic.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — February 26, 1949

You'll be on a good wicket
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THICKER, RICHER SUDS

WE'RE NEVER
STUMPED ON WASHDAYS!
RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER
SUDS END ALL RUBBING
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FOR US

RINSO TOPS
THE SCORE FOR
WHITER WHITES, FOR
COLOURED'S BRIGHT
AS A SUMMER'S
DAY.

RINSO WINS THE
TEST FOR DISHWASHING.
DISSOLVES GREASE IN
A JIFFY — MAKES CHINA
AND GLASSWARE
SPARKLE



Dress Sense by Betty Kepp



FLYAWAY bolero with a flared line is new and becoming.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Kepp, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

RACHEL—An attractive one-piece made in a woven check spun. Colors obtainable are blue, white, and black; red, white, and black; green, white, and black; yellow, white, and black.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 28/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 29/6. Postage 1/6 extra.

URSULA—One-piece with a pretty frilled yoke and sleeves. Printed jersey-like material makes the dress. The colors include cyclamen with lemon, green, and white; maize with pastel-pink, blue, and white; aqua with dusty-pink, green, and white; pale blue with lemon, green, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 37/6; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 39/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 26/9; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 28/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

N.B.—No C.O.D. orders.

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Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 189G, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



A LETTER of special interest this week was from a working man's wife, who asks for advice on spending wisely on her clothes.

Other readers' problems dealt with include how to lengthen an afternoon frock and the choice of a suitable brassiere for evening wear.

Teen-age bolero

WILL you help me out with a design for a bolero jacket? I thought you might be able to suggest something newer than the usual tailored style. I am in my teens and have a rather thin figure."

A short bolero cut to have almost the effect of a capelet is new and quite perfect for young figures. In America this jacket is called "flyaway," and worn with a high Empire waistline it is extremely popular with teen-agers.

Wise spending

AS an ordinary working man's wife who does not need too many clothes, but would rather look smart than dowdy, please advise me on an autumn and winter outfit, and wise spending. I am the short type—5 feet 2 inches—and cannot wear just anything. My social life consists of a weekly visit to town, visits to friends, and church on Sunday. I have a good black coat, grey suit, and black accessories."

As your wardrobe already includes a suit and a coat, I consider a wool dress would be the perfect addition for autumn and winter.

buying. A small wardrobe, and most women these days can afford and manage only a minimum of clothes, should always be replenished to a formula. One season a new coat, the next a new suit, and so on.

You say you would rather look smart than dowdy. Of course you would, and there is no reason why you shouldn't look smart. There are plenty of designs which are modifications of current fashion trends and perfectly suited to the normal type of life you lead.

One of the best of the new designs is a coat frock. No matter how your weight is distributed, or how your figure is balanced, the coat frock is one of the most flattering designs among new fashions. It looks well in practically every type of material, but newest in a soft tweed. Colors to consider are plum, raisin, and forest-green. All can be worn with black, and all are well in the autumn and winter fashion picture.

Best brassiere

I ALWAYS enjoy reading your opinions and advice to women, and would now like you to assist me. I have the type of figure that needs a brassiere, and as I am keen to make a strapless evening frock I wondered if it would be satisfactory to have a bra built into the bodice of the frock."

It would be more satisfactory to wear a strapless brassiere; they are now on the market for all figure types. These strapless bras are either wired or boned, some are made on long lines, reaching to the waist, another type stops short above the midriff. Your choice depends on your own figure type.



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Surco breathes with you . . . and
whittles away unwanted inches better
than a diet week. In a range
of colours.

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14/9,
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Follow every bath or shower with a dusting all over of fragrant Johnson's Baby Powder. Johnson's prevents unpleasant chafes and irritations — preserves and prolongs your personal freshness all day!

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Not for women only! Men, too, appreciate Johnson's . . . after showering, after shaving!



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BEST FOR
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*A glamorous new complexion
in 60 seconds!*

**always before you go out—give
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One minute to beauty . . .

Countless tiny dried cells and tight sticking dirt particles may darken your skin—make your complexion dull.

The "keratolytic" action of Pond's 1-minute mask gently loosens and dissolves dried surface cells and dirt particles on your skin.

1-minute later! A smoother, more radiant complexion. Your make-up goes on beautifully.

*Lovely English beauty the
Duchess of Sutherland says:*
"Whenever I want to be sure to look
my best, I always restyle my complexion
with a refreshing 1-minute mask. It
smooths and wakes-up my complexion
so quickly—and so beautifully!"

How many times has your complexion been caught by surprise? . . . Your skin looked tired and dull just when you wanted to be at your loveliest.

Now in one quick minute—not a second longer—you can "restyle" your complexion to clearer, softer loveliness with a Pond's Vanishing Cream 1-minute mask. Just slip a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face except eyes. Sixty seconds later tissue off and see your thrilling new complexion! Your skin has come to life . . . looks brighter, fresher with an adorable smoothness that takes make-up perfectly.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM

COMPLETE COMPLEXION CARE

Pond's Vanishing Cream, skin softener and powder base and Pond's Cold Cream for "blush-cleansing", on sale everywhere—handbag size tube, 1/2, large economy size jar, still only 2/10. Ask also for Pond's "Dreamflower" Face Powder . . . Pond's "Lips" in 8 lush American shades . . . and Pond's Hand Lotion.





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WRIGHT
way
with
WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap
IDEAL FOR TOILET AND NURSERY

No one knows when
hair has been
INECTO'D
(it looks so natural!)



Inecto colours your hair right
through—just as nature does. That's
why Inecto does not fade or rub off.
Unaffected by sun, wind, water.



Don't put up with faded hair. Get
natural colour from Inecto's 18
natural shades. Consult your hair-
dresser or chemist about Inecto.

IN.7.4

INECTO
RAPID
HAIR COLOURING

MOTHER CRAFT
A TOPIC THAT
IS ALWAYS NEW

Mothercraft is a never-ending
vigil. Just as necessary through school years as in
babyness. And now—when
every child must be on tip-toe with
alertness—mother needs
to realise how essential it is to
keep the system functioning
regularly with the gentlest and
best children's aperient—Steed-
man's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are in-
valuable through teething time
and babyhood, are just as benefi-
cial during school years. They
ensure that gentle regularity
and purity of blood stream
which maintain health and give
rest to tackle the problem of
growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders
from teething to teens. Look
for the double EE on every
wrapper to ensure that they
are genuine. Made only by
John Steedman & Co., Wal-
worth Road, London, S.E.17.

**RID KIDNEYS OF
POISONS AND ACIDS**

Your kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 3 million tiny
nephrons which act as filters for the blood.
When poisons and acids attack them you
suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Leg Pains,
Dizziness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nervous-
ness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles,
etc. Ordinary medicines can do much
good, but Steedman's Kidney Poisons and
Acids in 2 hours, therefore a speedy end
to kidney discomforts. In 24 hours you'll
feel fitter, stronger than for years. Cystex
is guaranteed to satisfy. Money back
if Cystex fails to do its work to-day. The Guar-
antee protects you. New
Cystex
Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder,
Rheumatism.



BE SURE to arrange legs and feet to the best advantage. Try to visualise
the way they look to other people.

PRETTIER LEGS . . .

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

SOME people are born with
pretty legs, but the
majority of limbs require a
certain amount of assistance
before they can be classed as
assets.

Here attention is focused on
helpful ways to improve the
legs, and keep them that way,
outside the routine steps of
maintaining straight seams and
flattering hemlines.



TO develop thigh
and calf muscles, stand erect,
then slowly sink to
squatting position,
keeping the back
straight, arms
stretched for
balance.

⑥



FOR LEAN thighs: Lie on the back, arms out,
knees bent. Keeping shoulders flat and working
at a fast pace, slap legs hard on floor 20
times.



HEAVY from the knees down? Lie on back, prop feet on chair; grasp
alternate ankles with both hands, and circle up to knee, wringing hard.

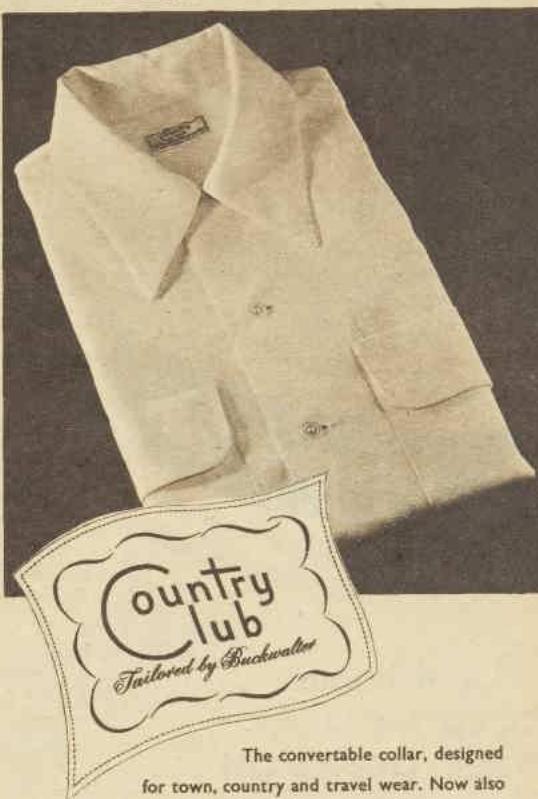


FOR MUSCULAR legs: Facing
into a corner, place the hands on
either side and, keeping heels flat
on the floor, lean into the wall.
Repeat for several minutes.



BUILD-UP for bowed legs: Stand
with feet apart, knees flat, in
stockings or socks, on a bare floor.
Slide legs slowly together, tensing
calf muscles. Repeat often.

Casual shirts
as worn in California



The convertible collar, designed
for town, country and travel wear. Now also
available in short sleeves in colourful, washable fabrics,
rounded pockets with concealed stitching. Fully guaran-
teed. At better men's wear stores. From £1.15.0—£3.0.0.

Country Club shirts are styled by Spira of California



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turn to suffer—take a hint
from thousands of women and remember
it's time for MYZONE . . .

★ Just take two
Myzone tablets
with water or cup
of tea. Find blessed
relief and new,
bright comfort . . .
surely . . . safely.
At all chemists.

ALREADY five out of every nine women
are blessing this wonderful new pain-
relief. For Myzone's special **Acterin**
(anti-spasm) compound brings im-
mediate—more complete and lasting—
relief from severe period pain, headache
and sick-feeling, than anything else
you've ever known.

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MYZONE
WITH YOUR VERY NEXT
"PAIN"

Page 39



* A delicious
COLD MEAT for
EVERY OCCASION

Ready Cooked... Ready to Serve!



Stock your shelves with "Imperial" Canned Meats and you have delicious meat dishes immediately available . . . for tasty breakfasts, for lunches and lunch packets, for cool crisp salads.

Save yourself hours of kitchen drudgery, and save money, too . . . you get more for your money, and there's no waste—just pure delicious nourishment right through.

Try these "Imperial" Canned Meat Delicacies . . . **Trim**—the delicious ham and beef . . . **Luncheon Pork**—the all-pork delicacy . . . **Hampe**—better than ham . . . **Meatreat**—a treat in meat . . . **Camp Pie** . . . **Corned Beef**.

Imperial CANNED FOODS

are Flavour-Sealed

"Imperial" is the brand you can rely on—to please you, your family, your guests!

Choice cuts of prime, selected meat are cooked to perfection . . . with tender nourishing goodness *flavour-sealed* in the can. Taste any of the delicious "Imperial" varieties—you'll agree that "Imperial" Flavour-sealed Quality makes all the difference.

BE SURE TO ASK FOR
Imperial CANNED FOODS
FLAVOUR-SEALED

PRODUCTS OF W. ANGLISS & CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD

Verandah Supper

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

• Meals served on the verandah, or out of doors at home, need not be all cold foods. Hot casseroles, eaten with a fork, can be included.

EASY service in buffet style reduces preparation time required, and also number of dishes to be washed later.

Cold food should be prepared in time to allow it to become thoroughly chilled.

The chilled vegetable cream and the chilled spinach chowder suggested here are made from the one basic mixture.

NOTE: All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

VEAL AND HAM PIE

One and a half pounds fillet of veal, 2 thin slices of onion, 1½ cups water, ½ teaspoons salt, thin piece lemon rind, 4oz ham (or cooked bacon), 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 16oz shortcrust pastry.

Cut meat into ½in. cubes, place in saucepan with onion, water, salt, lemon rind. Cover and simmer very gently 25 to 30 minutes until meat is partly tender. Remove meat to plate, allow to cool; strain stock, reserve 1 cup. Mince ham, chop hard-boiled eggs. Divide pastry into 2 portions, one larger than the other. Roll larger portion thinly, line bottom and sides of loaf-tin. Line bottom with pastry rolled thinly. Press edges well together, cut a criss-cross slit in top. Brush with milk (or egg-yolk); decorate with pastry rose and leaves. Bake in hot oven (425deg F. gas, 475deg F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350deg F. gas, 400deg F. electric), cook a further 40 to 45 minutes. If browning too much on top, cover with a double layer of brown paper for last half-hour of cooking. Allow to become quite cold before serving with salad ingredients.

Place in tin alternate layers of meat (dusted with flour), ham, and eggs, sprinkling each layer with parsley. Carefully pour in stock. Molten edges of pastry lining tin, cover with balance of pastry rolled thinly. Press edges well together, cut a criss-cross slit in top. Brush with milk (or egg-yolk); decorate with pastry rose and leaves. Bake in hot oven (425deg F. gas, 475deg F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350deg F. gas, 400deg F. electric), cook a further 40 to 45 minutes. If browning too much on top, cover with a double layer of brown paper for last half-hour of cooking. Allow to become quite cold before removing from tin and slicing. Serve as illustrated above. Balance of pastry may be used for party cases or tartlets.

BALANCE OF PASTRY

Balance of pastry may be used for party cases or tartlets.

Soused Fish with Salad

Two mullet, bream, or whiting, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup boiling water, 2 cloves, 1 bay leaf, 1 blade mace, 3 or 4 peppercorns, 2 sprigs parsley, 1 sprig mint, 2 thin slices of onion, 2 tablespoons celery leaves, 1 lettuce, 1 cucumber, 2 to 4 tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salad dressing.

Prepare and trim fish, place in casserole or ovenware dish. Boil water and vinegar with herbs, onions, spice, and celery leaves. Pour over fish, cover, and bake in moderate oven (375deg F. gas, 425deg F. electric) 20 to 30 minutes, or until flesh is white and flaky. Cool, basting with liquid several times. Remove from liquid, garnish with parsley, serve with crisp lettuce, freshly sliced cucumber and tomatoes. Flavor salad dressing with lemon juice, serve over fish or in a separate jug.



CURRIED EGG CROQUETTES

Combine 6 well-mashed hard-boiled eggs, 3 tablespoons white sauce, 1 teaspoon curry powder (or more, according to taste), 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion or shallot, squeeze of lemon juice. Shape a dessertspoonful at a time into croquettes, using a little flour for shaping. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in browned crumbs. Deep-fry golden brown in fuming fat. Drain well, allow to become quite cold before serving with salad ingredients.

VEGETABLE SALADS

Combine 2 cups crisp finely shredded raw cabbage, ½ cup thinly sliced radishes, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, pepper and salt, scant ½ cup white vinegar. Toss lightly to mix. Chill 1 hour before serving with a topping of mayonnaise.

Combine diced cooked potatoes and finely chopped cooked bacon—allow about 1 cup bacon to 1½ cups potato. Top thickly with salad dressing mixed with chopped parsley and finely diced shallot.

Mix together sliced cooked beans, shredded lettuce, diced cooked beetroot, chopped cauliflower pickle and cubed cooked parsnip. Toss lightly with a little mayonnaise or French dressing.

CINNAMON TEACAKE

Cream 3oz margarine or butter with 4 cup castor sugar and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Add 1 egg, beat well. Fold in 1½ cups self-raising flour (stuffed with 1 teaspoon salt) alternately with ¾ cup milk. Turn into greased 8in sandwich-tin. Mix 1 tablespoon sugar with 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon flour; rub in 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter. Sprinkle over teacake, pressing lightly on to mixture with back of spoon. Bake in moderate oven (375deg F. gas, 425deg F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes. Turn onto cake-cooler. Serve in lightly buttered wedges.

FOR SUPPER out of doors choose foods that can be served attractively and easily, and eaten with ease. Illustrated above are veal and ham pie, with Russian salad, lettuce, and tiny whole tomatoes, chilled vegetable cream and chilled spinach chowder, hot tomato juice, nutbread ring, served with fruit conserve, and iced lemon tea.

NUTBREAD RING

Two ounces margarine or butter, 10oz sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, 1 egg, 1½ cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 1½ cups white self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon spice (or 1 spice and ½ cinnamon or nutmeg), 3oz chopped nuts, 3oz finely shredded peel, 1 cup chopped dates or raisins, 1½ cups milk.

Cream shortening with sugar and fruit rind. Add egg. Mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients (except wholemeal flour, which is added unsifted) alternately with nuts, peel, dates, and milk. Divide mixture into two, fill into greased ring-tin (small size) and greased loaf-tin. Bake in hot oven (400deg F. gas, 450deg F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Reduce heat, cook a further 25 to 30 minutes.

When cold, top with thin warm icing and sprinkle with chopped nuts, or spread top (while still hot) with peanut butter mixed together, and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Serve with butter and any fruit conserve, or spread thinly with cream cheese.

CHILLED CORN BEEF MOULD

Three cups diced cooked corn beef, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup diced turnip, 1 apple, 1½ cups stock (or water flavored with 1 dessertspoon meat or vegetable extract), 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard (or more according to taste), salt, and cayenne pepper.

Prepare meat, celery, and turnip. Grate apple, mix all well together. Heat stock or water, add gelatine, mustard, salt, and pepper to taste; stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add to meat and vegetables, mix well. Fill into wetted loaf-tin, chill until set. Unmould, slice, and serve with crisp salad greens and mayonnaise.

FROSTED RHUBARB SHAPE

Half-pint rhubarb syrup (from cooked rhubarb), 1 cup sweetened, cooked rhubarb, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup sweetened egg custard.

Soften gelatine in 2 tablespoons of syrup. Heat balance of syrup with orange rind, add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Cool. Rub rhubarb through a sieve, add to syrup, allow to nearly set. Whisk in custard, beating until thick and creamy. Pour into wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, serve with orange finger biscuits.

MINTED FRUIT PUNCH

One cup orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup juice from stewed apple, skin of 1 peeled pineapple, 1½ cups sugar, 3 cups water, few sprigs mint.

Squeeze oranges and lemons for juice. Place skins with pineapple skin, mint, sugar, and water on to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Strain, cool, and add to fruit juice. Chill, add soda water or iced water to taste, usually about 1 pint extra. Serve in tall glasses garnish with cherries, cucumber slices, or orange slices, and mint sprigs.

FISH AND TOMATO MOULD

Into a saucepan place 1 cup water, 1 slice of onion, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 1 teaspoon vinegar. Bring to boil, remove onion. Add 3 dessertspoons gelatine. Stir until dissolved. Cool slightly. Add 2 cups tomato juice. Set a very thin layer on bottom of wetted ring-mould. Arrange pattern of sliced hard-boiled egg. Add small quantity tomato mixture. Allow to set. When balance of tomato jelly is beginning to thicken, fold in 1 cup finely diced celery, 2 cups cooked flaked fish, balance of hard-boiled egg. Fill into mould.

Chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-platter, garnish with curled celery, sliced tomato and cucumber, and lettuce leaves. Serve in thick slices.

New Way Removes
twice the dirt
in half the time!

This silk-and-wool jumper was first rinsed and the water squeezed out by hand. Then it was rinsed and passed through an Acme... An Independent Domestic Research Bureau made the test, and found that the Acme removed times the water in half the time. The Acme removes the deeply embedded dirt at the same time!



"I can hardly believe the clock!" That's what you'll say when you first use the new Acme. Clothes wring out so quickly—and looking so good too! So white and clean.

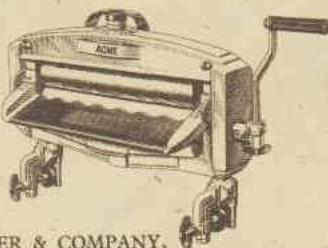
The amazing new Acme, you see, cleans clothes as it wrings them.

ACME CLEANSER WRINGER

Visit your dealer TODAY—let him show you the grand new Acme with its two-way drive, non-tension, with permanent wave. Don't waste a minute!

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- BEEF PIE • BAKED BEANS IN TOMATO SAUCE • SANDWICH SPREADS

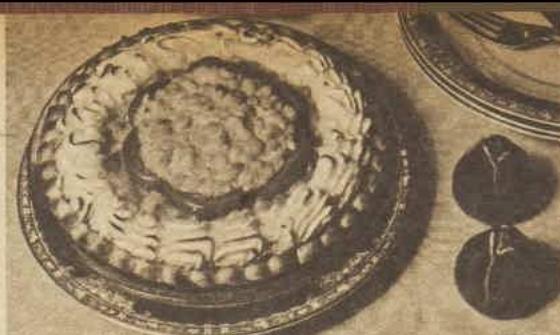
... and more on the way!

AT GROCERS AND STORES EVERYWHERE



Every bit of ingrained dirt is forced out by the controlled pressure of the rollers. And you do the controlling! That is why heavy blankets—fragile balywear—all come out of the Acme fresh as new, clean and sweet as apple-blossom!

Supplies are still limited owing to shortage of raw materials, so if you can't get an Acme right away don't be put off with a second best—the best's well worth waiting for.



PICTURED ABOVE is this week's £10 prize-winner—sweet corn savory pie, an appetising dish for summer meals.

Recipe Contest

Savory corn is winner

• A steak-and-vegetable-filled pie, topped with corn and creamed potato, wins this week's first prize of £10. It's an economical recipe for an appetising summer dish as a main course.

READERS' favorite recipes win cash prizes each week. The sum of £10 is awarded for the main prize, and £1 is given for other recipes published.

In sending recipes give measurements in level spoons.

SWEET CORN SAVORY PIE

One 9in. cooked shortcrust or rough puff pastry case, 1lb. round or bladebone steak, 2 rashers bacon, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 cup peas, 1 cup diced carrot, 1 cup water, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup hot mashed potato, 1 large tomato, 1/2 cup cooked or tinned sweet corn.

Remove excess fat from steak, cut into 1in. cubes, dice bacon. Place in saucepan with salt and pepper, onion, peas, carrots, and water. Bring to boiling point, simmer gently 1 to 1 1/2 hours until meat is tender. Add 1 cup of well-drained corn and breadcrumbs. Fill into cooked pastry-case. Pipe balance of sweet corn in centre of meat, place tomato wedges around, then pipe a border of mashed potato. Return to hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) to reheat and lightly brown potato. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Bray, Jimna, via Kilcoy, Qld.

ALMOND-CRISP TEA-CAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, few drops vanilla essence, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, pulp of 4 ripe passionfruit, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1-3rd cup chopped nuts.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla. Add egg, mix well. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Fill into greased and lined 8in. cake-tin. Mix nuts, sugar, and passionfruit pulp together, spread evenly over top of tea-cake. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 10 minutes, reduce heat to 350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric, cook fur-

ther 15 to 20 minutes until beginning to shrink from sides of tin and thoroughly cooked in centre. Remove from tin. Cool on cake-cooler, serve cut in wedges or slices, and spread with passionfruit butter.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Archer, "Glenview," Don, Tas.

SARDINE AND TOMATO TURNOVERS

Half-pound shortcrust pastry, 1 medium-sized tin sardines, 2 small tomatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon finely diced onion or shallot, 2 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs, salt and pepper.

Drain sardines, removing as much oil as possible, mash with a fork. Skin and chop tomatoes, chop hard-boiled eggs. Add both to sardines, with onion, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper. Drain if necessary to remove excess moisture. Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut into 4in. squares. Place a spoonful of mixture on half of each square, moisten edges, fold over. Pinch edges together, glaze with milk, place on oven-tray. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 20 to 30 minutes, until brown on top and bottom. Serve hot with tomato wedges and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Bray, Jimna, via Kilcoy, Qld.

PASSIONFRUIT TEA-CAKE

Three ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, few drops vanilla essence, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, pulp of 4 ripe passionfruit, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1-3rd cup chopped nuts.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla. Add egg, mix well. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Fill into greased and lined 8in. cake-tin. Mix nuts, sugar, and passionfruit pulp together, spread evenly over top of tea-cake. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes.

Remove carefully from tin, turn out onto a tea-towel, then turn over on cake-cooler. Serve cut in wedges.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss D. Willett, c/o Austral Tannery Pty. Ltd., 223 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

A lovely glossy polish

The beauty and charm of cared-for furniture gives added dignity to home surroundings if it is cleaned and preserved with LIQUID VENEER. There's a new joy awaiting you in the possession of tables, chairs, sideboards, cupboards and bedsteads glowing with LIQUID VENEER preservative polish. Just as good for your car. Obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

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PRICES: 4oz. 2/-, 16oz. 5/-.

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It's easy to be the exact opposite once these headaches and dizzy turns are stopped by the famous DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. Your kidney action often causes headaches, dizzy turns, loss of energy, backache, rheumatism, puffiness under the eyes. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, don't delay; get DOAN'S today. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

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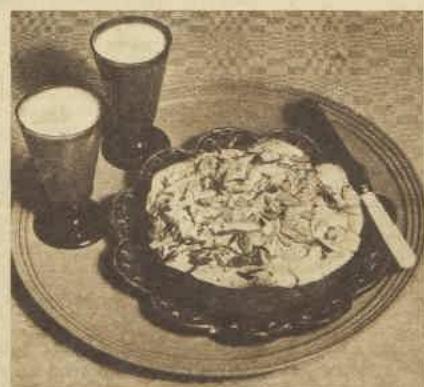
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Win her affection with a

Chocolates
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WINN CONFECTION

Like a good detective story?
Get "The Dog Can Always
Bite," front page mystery
No. 2 on sale all news-
agents 1/-



ALMOND-CRISP tea-cake, pictured at left, is ideal for the afternoon snack when the children come home from school. It is sufficiently glamorous to be served for afternoon tea, and is one of this week's prize-winning dishes.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 26, 1940

Sparkling health



with

INNER CLEANLINESS



Here's health and energy for all the family!

Taken regularly, or whenever the need arises, pleasant-tasting Andrews helps you to feel and look fitter, brighter and more youthful. FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth. NEXT: Andrews settles the stomach. THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness. FINALLY: To complete your **Inner Cleanliness**, Andrews gently clears the system.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT



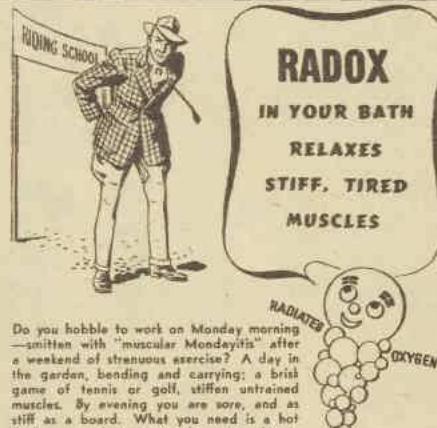
★
Muriel
Steinbeck

First lady of Australian Screen and Radio says . . . "I use 'Lip-Glo' to keep my lips fresh and colorful through long hours of work under bright movie lights and in hot radio studios."

* LIP-GLO the cue to lasting lip beauty

You too can have that lasting, no beauty so necessary to stars of screen and radio — delicately colored, exquisitely smooth, velvety soft.

Use Liquid Lip-Glo for work or play . . . have lips that are irresistible all day through . . . no retouching, no lip-prints



Do you hobble to work on Monday morning — smitten with "muscular Mondays" after a weekend of strenuous exercise? A day in the garden, bending and carrying; a brisk game of tennis or golf, stiffen untrained muscles. By evening you are sore, and as stiff as a board. What you need is a hot bath . . . with Radox in the water. Lie in the bath for ten minutes or more; feel the stiff, sore muscles relax, become supple and pliable once more. Next morning you'll step out with a springy stride — sore, tired muscles forgotten!

RADOX — 2/8 A LARGE 12-OZ. PACKET AT ALL CHEMISTS. \$1.50

Pimples and Bad Skin Attacked In 24 Hours

Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly, disfiguring skin troubles such as acne, pimpls, ringworm, psoriasis, acne, blackheads, scabies and bed-bites. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way.

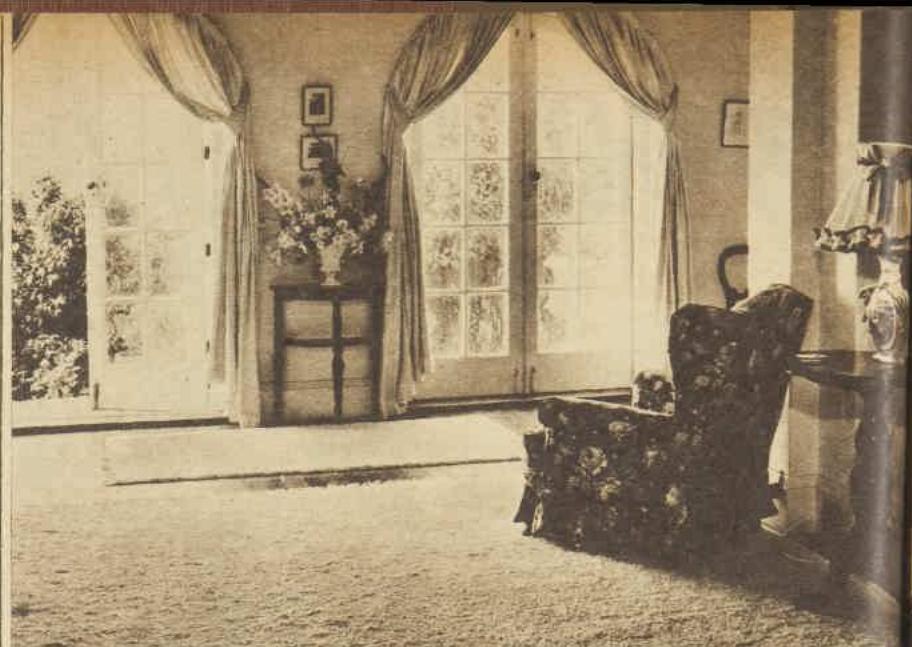
A New Discovery

Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any other. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the causes of surface skin trouble. Nixoderm contains three ingredients which fight skin troubles in these 3 ways: 1. It fights and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning and stinging. 3. It helps nature heal the skin, clear, soft, and velvety smooth.

Works Fast

Because Nixoderm is scientifically composed it attacks skin troubles in seconds. It stops the itching, burning, and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately, clearing and healing your skin, making it softer, whiter and velvety smooth. In just a day or two your

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch



THE LOUNGE is U-shaped and makes a spacious living-room and drawing-room in one. For meals a table on wheels can be moved in. Two double doors lead out into the small garden, which runs down to the water, where there is a tiny beach ideal for sun-baking.

Saving labor in the garden...

THE day of the over-ornate formal garden seems to have gone forever, due mainly to the scarcity of labor and high costs.

Simple brick, flag, or gravel footpaths, flanked by borders or narrow beds filled with hardy or half-hardy annuals, biennials, and perennials, have taken the place of carpet bedding and the lavish use of plants that needed to be cared for constantly and replaced.

In some cases even the lawn strips have gone by the board because they required far too much mowing and edge-trimming and the gardener who is short-handed and probably overworked has adopted a simple, tasteful layout in place of the more ambitious or extravagant plans of yesterday.

Brilliant color and long life in plants are being provided by fibrous bedding begonias, masses of petunias, edgings of alyssum or ageratum, backed by solid patches of salvia, browallia, phlox drummondii, dwarf chrysanthemums, or other perennials, such as geraniums, Orleans roses, pimica granatum, lavender, and others that remain bright throughout the year or provide a lasting mass of color in season.

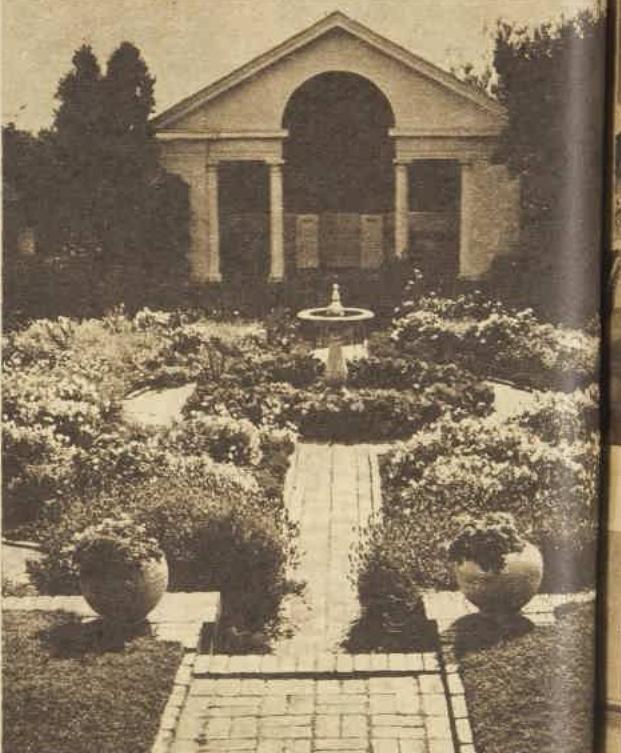
Plan for color

GARDENERS who have fairly large gardens are finding that it pays to utilize such plants, which need a minimum of care after planting, yet fill the garden with color and fragrance.

Even in the smaller gardens, where the handy man is in the workshop, store, or office all the week, such layouts make a great appeal, because they are simple to design, easy to plant out, and require little labor to maintain.

They can, of course, be backed by shrubs or tall perennials, and in the latter classification are such beauties as delphiniums, golden rod, hollyhocks and dahlias, thalictrum tall snapdragons, Canterbury bells, heliotrope, tall gypsophila and statice, larkspurs and lupins, rudbeckias and zinnias.

Most of them flower for some months and require very little care or attention other than staking and tying up. As they mostly produce plenty of foliage and eventually fill a bed very effectively, weed-growth is kept to a minimum, thus saving a lot of work and cultivation.



SUNKEN GARDEN tastefully laid out with annuals, biennials, and perennials in simple masses at home of Mrs. E. De C. Boekemann, Sandown Street, Brighton, Victoria. Height is added by planting clumps of lavender; edge lines are broken by allowing plants to spill over.

FRUIT JUICES FOR GOOD TEETH

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

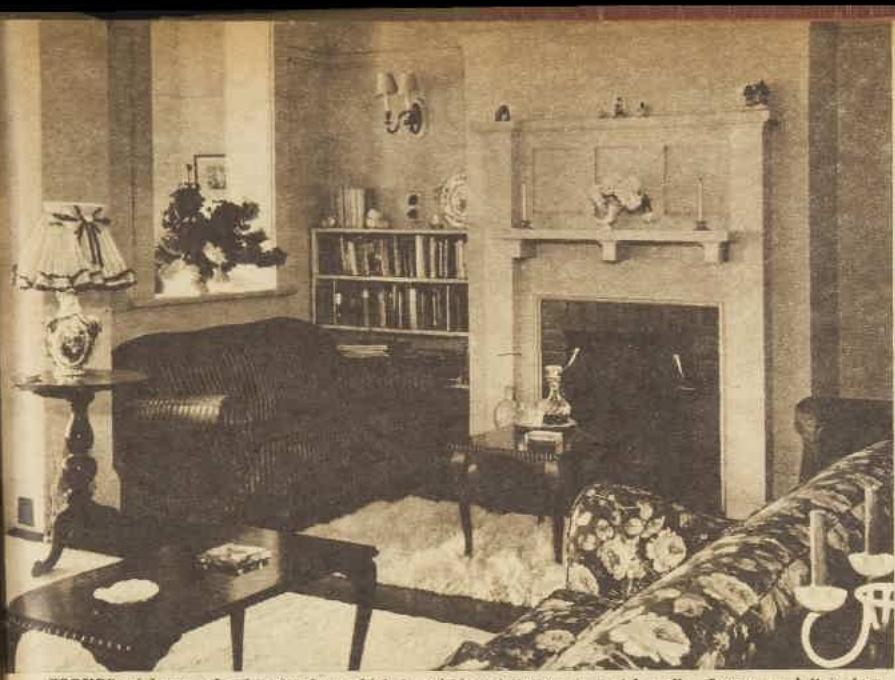
FRESH fruit and fruit juices should always be prominent on the daily menu of infants, growing children, and adults, especially expectant mothers.

The juices supply valuable vitamins and mineral salts needed for nutrition, and some are important laxative foods.

The juice of the citrus fruits (especially rich in Vitamin C) have been proved to be a protection to teeth, and even to arrest decay when taken in sufficient quantities.

The value of the apple as a tooth-cleansing food is well known, and a

leaflet giving the vitamin and mineral content of the most commonly used fruits can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. If a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.



CORNER of lounge showing fireplace which is palest oyster-green to match walls. Lounge on left is deep cherry striped fabric, and the other is covered in brown linen scattered with palest pink roses. Rugs are cream on dark stained floor. The lamp base, at left, was originally a French altar vase, and is white with pastel flowers. The lamp shade is white trimmed with same fabric as cherry lounge.



VIEW OF lounge, taken from entrance, showing couches and chairs covered in pale oyster-green with deeper toned cushions. Furniture is cedar, which Mrs. Pfeiffer picked up in decorator's shops and auction sales and had re-covered. The couch on left she covered herself.

Worked out own scheme for flat . . .

MRS. A. F. PFEIFFER, of Darling Point, N.S.W., has made her small ground-floor apartment decorative and charming with skilfully chosen color-schemes, furniture, and appropriate accessories. Her flower arrangements are delightful, and all furnished from her own small garden.

Auction sales and city and suburban antique shops were the sources of much of the cedar furniture. Lounges and chairs were then re-upholstered.

The main bedroom (not shown) is pretty in lemon and white with turquoise to contrast. And the nursery, which Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer decorated themselves, is in pale blue, white, and cherry.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

TO clean plaster ornaments cover them with a thick coating of new starch. When this has become quite dry brush off with a clean cloth or soft brush.

* * *

To stop a leak temporarily: Mix a paste of yellow soap and whiting, with a little water, and cover the leak thickly.

* * *

If soot should fall on to your carpet, cover the marks thickly with salt. The salt and soot may be swept off easily, leaving the carpet clean.

* * *

To brush carved furniture use a painter's soft brush.

* * *

To clean rosewood or ebony furniture, polish carefully with a clean cloth which has been moistened with a few drops of kerosene.

* * *

A tip for light black-outs. Should you have only a stub of candle, remove it from the socket of the stick and melt the base before sticking it to a cork. Replace in stick and it will burn down to the cork.

* * *

EVEN the most delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise. If the article is placed in the water base first, it is more likely to crack from the sudden expansion caused by the heat.

* * *

BRUSHING with water and salt is the best method of cleaning bamboo. The salt prevents the color changing.

* * *

A THICK layer of newspaper underneath a carpet generally prevents moths getting into it.



TO BRIGHTEN, gloss, and clean a white straw hat, paint it with a mixture of lemon juice and powdered sulphur applied with a stiff brush. Place it in the sun to bleach and dry.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 26, 1949

far horizons . . .



Beyond the familiar surroundings of every day, a wide, beautiful world awaits your coming. A world where wildflowers sway in the gum-scented breeze, and tinkling waterfalls make airy music, where jagged mountain peaks catch the colours of sunset, and ocean tides sweep in over untrdden silver sands.

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P481-15



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Fashion

PATTERNS



FS422

F5422—Smartly tailored, double-breasted dressing gown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5423—Swing back "shortie," ideal coat for between seasons. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5424—Styled for wool, a one-piece with hip interest. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5425—Slim-skirted suit, the hip-length jacket has a double peplum. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5426—Cool one-piece, opens out for easy laundering. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 1/11.

F5427—Tailored one-piece has an unusual yoke effect on the bodice; the skirt is flared. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 37.



FS428

F5423

F5424

F5425

F5427

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



1191

No. 1191—SMOCK SUIT

The suit is cut ready to machine, and full instructions are given. The material is good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in pale pink, pale blue, or white, or British cotton in white, blue, lemon, pink, or green.

Sizes: Crepe-de-chine, 17in. length, 1 year, 15/11; 18in., 18 months to 2 years, 16/11; British cotton, 9/3 and 9/11. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 1192—HOUSEGOWN

The gown is cut ready to make up. The material is good quality seersucker in colors of burgundy and white; pale blue and white; navy, red, and white; mid-blue, red, and white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 36/3; 38in., 38in., and 40in. bust, 38/11. Postage for each, 1/- extra.

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The design is clearly traced on heavy white or cream linen, also sheer linen in blue, pink, lemon, or green. Sizes: Cloth, 38in. x 36in., 14/11. Postage 6d. extra. Table napkins, 11in. x 11in., 1/3 each. Postage 1d. extra. Tea-cosy, 13in. x 10in., 5/11. Postage 3d. extra. D'oyley, 8in. x 8in., 1/- each. Postage 1d. extra. D'oyley, 8in. x 11in., 1/- each. Postage 1d. extra. Complete set 23/6. Postage 10d. extra.

No. 1194—GUEST TOWELS

Three charming designs traced ready to embroider on white huckaback. (Lace edging not supplied.) Sizes: 17in. x 24in., 3/11 each. Postage 2d. extra. Set of three, 11/3. Postage 6d. extra.

* Please note: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1191, 1192, or 1193 a second color choice should be made. C.O.D. orders are not accepted.



1194

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